McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLII. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1905. NO. 23

CRIMINAL COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Regular Term Quarter Sessions Convened on Monday.

ABOUT 36 CASES ON THE DOCKET

Judge Bouton on the Bench—Case of Robert St. Helen Attracts Some Interest—Other Court News.

Court opened on Monday afternoon, Judge Bouton presiding. The grand jury was sworn in, C. C. Davis was appointed foreman and routine business disposed of by the court.

The case of Robert St. Helen, charged with having shot Harry Leake of Bradford with intent to kill was opened yesterday afternoon and took up the attention of the court this forenoon. The facts in this case are too well known to need repetition. The jury is now out on the case.

The grand jury finished its duties today.

Wednesday morning a sealed verdict was read in the case of J. McGrum, assault and battery, finding the defendant guilty. The charge was preferred by H. R. White. Motion was made for a new trial which will be decided at the next term of argument court.

The case of Rev. R. T. Evans of Custer City charged by the Humane society with cruelty to animals was dismissed.

The celebrated Hazlehurst horse case, in which Thomas Wharton and Samuel Huff, Bradford men, were practically charged with having stolen their own horse, resulted in both defendants being found not guilty.

William Shaw pleaded guilty to the larceny of an overcoat.

Claude Sandburn pleaded guilty to breaking into J. J. Cole's warehouse and carrying off various articles.

Amel Wilson, charged with the theft of a pair of trousers, pleaded guilty.

Tuesday morning George Kellogg and George Baker, charged with assault and battery by George Kohnen of Bradford, were tried. Kellogg was found guilty and Baker not guilty.

Caesar Vittoria, charged with assault and battery by Tony Mike of Bradford, was found guilty.

Charles Smith was charged with having brutally attacked Albert Rowe at Hazelhurst. He was found guilty.

George Golden pleaded guilty to statutory burglary in entering and robbing the Leonard drug store at Bradford.

Claude Sandburn, charged with having lived in and stolen articles from the house of Mrs. Turk in the Third Ward, Bradford, during Mrs. Turk's absence from the city, pleaded guilty.

Lively Time at the Jail.

Saturday morning a colored prisoner in the county jail sent a note to Sheriff Mays informing him that some of the prisoners were filing the steel bars of a cell with the evident intention of trying to escape. The sheriff made an immediate investigation and the bars that had been filed were pointed out to him by his informant.

The officer took precautions that would prevent further work being done on the bars, and also made arrangements to be on deck Sunday morning as he suspected there was trouble in store for the "colored gentleman in the wood pile."

Sunday morning as the prisoners were released from their cells to the liberty of the corridor three or four of them broke a chair into fragments and armed with the pieces made a combined attack on the negro. The sheriff was quickly on the scene and found the colored man making a desperate fight against his assailants, and that he was giving a good account of himself was evidenced by the amount of blood on their features. Mr. Mays soon put a stop to the trouble by locking the men in their cells.

Just how the attempted escape was planned to be executed is not known. The theory is that after a bar had been removed, a man would lay in wait for the turnkey and attempt to overpower him and gain possession of the keys; then others would be released and a dash made for freedom. It is hardly possible that the plan would have succeeded, although it might have resulted in considerable damage to the turnkey.

Grange Meeting at Bradford.

McKean County Pomona Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, held an interesting meeting on Wednesday at G. A. R. hall with an attendance of about 75 representatives from Smethport, Eldred, Farmers Valley, Port Allegany, Corydon, Turtle Point, Lewis Run and intermediate places, says this morning's Bradford Era. In the morning the Pomona or fifth degree was conferred on a class of 11 candidates. Luncheon was served to the delegates and in the afternoon an interesting program was rendered.

New Styles

in Silver Deposit Ware at Prill's, Bradford, Pa.

Watkins-Wright Nuptials.

A pretty home wedding occurred in the family parlors of the Wright House, last Thursday afternoon when Lucy Bennett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright, was united in marriage to Mr. Francis Watkins, Jr., of St. Marys, the Rev. E. T. Davies officiating.

The porch and house were profusely decorated with evergreen, ferns, palms, smilax, roses and carnations. The bridal party included little Jack Powell and Dorothy Hogarth, ribbon bearers; the bride, on the arm of her father, and Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Powell, who approached the groom and officiating clergyman in the green and white alcove formed by the bow window in the south parlor. The ring service was used.

The bride wore a handsome gown of champagne crepe over silk of the same shade trimmed in pompadour lace and tinted applique and carried a shower bouquet of white sweet peas. Mrs. Powell was attired in flowered silk muslin over pink silk and carried an arm bouquet of La France roses. Miss Helen McCoy rendered Mendelsohn's Wedding March and subdued music during the ceremony. After congratulating the happy couple the guests were served with elegant refreshments. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins left on the 4 o'clock train for Buffalo, the Adirondacks, New York and Philadelphia.

The out of town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. F. M. D'Imey, Sr., Miss Grace Watkins of Wellsburg, N. Y.; Mrs. W. K. Wright, Miss Louise Wright and Mr. and Mrs. James Robbins of Renovo; Mrs. H. N. Richmond, Mrs. L. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Schwab of Bradford; Miss Gray, Boston; Miss Sealoyer, Auburn, N. Y.; Miss Georgia, Star Line, N. Y.; Mrs. C. W. Balsley, Brooklyn; Mrs. H. M. McQuistion, Vera Cruz, Mexico.

Meeting of School Board.

The Smethport School Board held a business meeting on Monday evening and reorganized for the ensuing year. John N. Apple retired from the board after acting as a school director for twelve years. Mr. Apple has satisfactorily transacted the duties of that office and can retire with the consciousness of a work well done. Fred D. Gallup fills his place on the board.

The following officers were elected: President, D. C. Young; Secretary, Sheridan Gorton; Treasurer, W. F. Specht. Other members of the board are C. M. Colegrove, Dr. John Clark and F. D. Gallup.

The following teachers were selected for the next term of school which commences September 4:

Principal, T. T. Allen; 1st Assistant, Mary Cotton; 2nd Assistant, Carrie A. Day; Eighth Grade, Emma M. Tretton; Seventh Grade, Rose Allen; Sixth Grade, Frances Campbell; Fifth Grade Nellie J. Masser; Fourth Grade, Agnes M. Barry; Third Grade, Eva M. Fleming; Second Grade, Mabel R. Foore; First Grade, Ethel Gifford and Stella Hinman.

Church Wedding Last Night.

At the Swedish Lutheran church on Fulton street, Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock occurred the marriage of Miss Bertha Hanson and Mr. Peter S. Johnson, prominent young people of Smethport.

The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion and over one hundred guests were present. Miss Hanson, a sister of the bride was bridesmaid and Mr. E. F. Lindholm officiated as best man. The impressive marriage service was pronounced by Rev. P. A. Norgren of Bradford.

The happy young couple were the recipients of many useful and valuable presents and start their married life with the best wishes of a host of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will reside in Smethport.

Collision on the Pennsylvania.

The north-bound morning train for Buffalo on the Pennsylvania and the south-bound train for Ridgway collided near the south end of the yard at Eldred Tuesday. The north-bound train, which is due at Smethport at 10:10 a. m., is said to have had the right of way, but for some reason the other train failed to take the siding. Passengers on both trains were severely shaken up and the locomotives badly damaged. Neither train was running fast when the collision occurred and the coaches were not derailed. C. M. Colegrove of Smethport was a passenger on the south-bound train and one of his hands was slightly bruised.

Estray Notice.

Came to premises of A. J. Axburgh, Clermont, Pa., on the 18th day of May two spotted steers and one white heifer. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charge; otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.

A. J. AXBURGH.

Bronzes and Art Goods

Choice collection of genuine pieces. Prill, Bradford, Pa.

A desirable house for rent. For particulars call on or address J. J. Alexander, P., S. & N. depot.

Hawk's Cut Glass

A full line at Prill's, Bradford, Pa.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

For Class of 1905 Were Held at Lyceum Last Thursday Evening.

FIVE MEMBERS COMPOSED CLASS.

Many Friends of the Class Were in Attendance at the Impressive Exercises—Graduates of 8th Grade.

On Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock there was instituted a new feature of commencement week, when twenty pupils were formally graduated from the eighth grade into the High School. The class was composed of the following members: Walter Apple, Iva Bacon, Fred Burlingame, Winifred Clark, Mildred Gleason, Marion Hafner, Floyd Heath, Edna Hungiville, Maze Kissock, Leonea Lilgendahl, Katharine Mayo, Ora McCammon, Charles McGowan, Emogene McGowan, Leroy Moorehouse, Elmer Ottoson, Edna Raymond, Lorena Stull, Gertrude Wendell and J. C. Wirt.

The program consisted of instrumental music, recitations and drills. The diplomas were awarded with a few commendatory remarks, by Miss Hinman. It is the earnest hope of all who were fortunate enough to attend the exercises that they may become a regular feature of commencement week.

Thursday evening occurred the annual commencement of the High School at which time the Lyceum was filled with relatives and friends of the graduates. To the Juniors were due the appropriate decorations, while the Sophomores proved themselves to be capable ushers, and the dainty little flower girls, the Misses Dorothy Apple and Harriet Brown, were heartily applauded at each appearance.

The program opened with prayer by the Rev. A. C. Willey of the M. E. church, followed by instrumental music by Mrs. H. C. Wells, which was heartily applauded.

Miss Elsie Sherrer then gave her essay on Youthful Geniuses, in which she discussed Mozart, the composer, Dickens, the novelist, Ole Bull, the violinist and Michael Angelo, the sculptor, showing that in their earliest years each strove for and early obtained success.

She was followed by Mr. Almon D. Heath with his oration: Dissatisfaction, the Keynote of Progress. Mr. Heath proved that the reason for all progress lay and still lies in the fact that workers in all lines become dissatisfied and seek new and better means of accomplishing their tasks. That the continual improving and inventing that has occurred and is occurring finds its source in the fact that people were not and are not satisfied with existing conditions.

Mrs. E. R. Baker then sang in her usual delightful style a "Japanese Love Song," responding to a hearty encore with a Lullaby.

Indian Religion and Superstitions was the subject of Miss Beatrice Day's essay. She traced the relation between their superstitions and relations, relating incidents to show this relation and discussed the sources from which we have obtained our information concerning the subject.

Mr. Harry Sasse's oration on Higher Education dealt with that phase of education which fits man for life. He made a careful application of the relation that education bears to the principles of every day life and proved conclusively that in order for one to enjoy life to the greatest extent higher education is necessary.

The next number was an instrumental solo by Miss McCoy, after which Miss Lura Day gave her essay, Comparison of Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal and Tennyson's Holy Grail. After giving briefly the story of each poem the essay dealt with the lesson of purity, humility and steadfastness shown by each poem in such a different way. Having the highest average for the four years' course Miss Day then delivered the valedictory, thanking the friends, students, board and faculty for many kindnesses, and urging the class over to strive to uphold the honor of the school.

Mrs. John Clark sang "The Shade of the Palm" by Leslie Stewart, but refused to respond to a most enthusiastic encore.

D. C. Young, president of the board of education, awarded the diplomas after a brief speech in which he urged the people to take advantage of the school facilities afforded and send the children to the High School. He compared the educational advantages of to-day with those of the earlier days in the county, showing what rapid strides have been taken.

The last number was a quartette, Birth of the Opal, by Mesdames Chapman, Walker and Brown and Miss Hinman, after which the audience was dismissed with the benediction by Rev. A. C. Willey.

Solid Silver

All new, up-to-date goods. Pieces from $1 to $300. Prill, Bradford, Pa.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

(Continued from last week.)

Belle Mullin sworn, said: I was in Smethport on the eighteenth of last September. I knew Mary Reilly. I met her that evening at Miss Tracy's store about 8 o'clock I think. Andrew Tracy was there occasionally during the evening. I asked Mary to come home with me and spend the night as she had promised to do. I don't recollect of anything Andrew said that evening. He went out, but returned to the store about 9 o'clock I think. He went out and came in very often. He appeared restless I thought. I held no conversation with him that evening. Miss Reilly requested him to play an accompaniment to a solo. He asked her if she desired to sing. I noticed that you could hardly catch his eye. About half past eight we left the store and came up Main street, she said good night to him. He had gone out while she was playing. We came up and crossed the street at Huskell's store. We heard someone walking after us. The follower was coming toward us rapidly. We were walking very rapidly. He overtook us near the gate. I thought it was someone who would probably pass when we turned in at the gate. I was on the outside of the walk and Mary on the inside. As we were about to turn I saw the flash of a revolver and stumbled ahead a few feet and when I rose I saw a man standing where Miss Reilly was lying. I called to her and asked her if she was frightened. The man ran toward me and crossed the street where I stood. His size I should think corresponds with the size of the defendant. He did not say anything. I don't know what direction he took after he crossed the road. We went rapidly. I then tried to arouse Miss Reilly. I stooped down to lift her and when I put my hand on the board I got it in the blood that flowed from the wound in the temple. I screamed, which brought Mrs. John Forrest out and then I ran to the shop for father. Dr. Freeman was summoned and they carried her into our house, she breathed for a short time and expired. The wound was in the left side of her face. This was in this borough in McKean county. I heard the report and saw the flash about the same time. I think there was but one person following, judging from the footsteps.

Cross-examined.

We met about six o'clock in the evening at Miss Tracy's store. We went out but returned about seven. We were out about ten or fifteen minutes. Miss Reilly was asked to sing a song and she asked where he was so he could play the accompaniment which she sang. Before he went out the last time he asked her to play "Cantolina," with variations, and when she was about half through with it he went out; I saw him when we came out. His cousin, Frank McCabe, was with him. Miss Reilly said "good night" to both of them.

Mrs John Forrest testified: I reside in the borough. I remember the evening of the 18th of September last. I was at home at my father's on that evening. I heard a sound like a cap of a pistol. I sat still for an instant, then went to the door and asked Belle Mullin—as I supposed it was who was screaming—what was the matter? I also heard footsteps as of some one running. I heard one or two steps on a board and then on the ground. I went to the door and Belle called me. I went out; I found Mary Reilly lying on the walk wounded and bleeding. I did not go into the house; I don't remember who came next; Mary was lying on the walk when I left.

Cross-examined.

It was a little before 9 p. m. when I left the house. I did not see the person who ran.

John Mullin testified: I reside in the borough. I was in the shop on the evening of the eighteenth of September last between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock that evening. I heard a shot. In a few minutes Belle came and told me to run for God sake as Mary Reilly had been shot; she was taken into my house afterward. I went for the doctor. she remained in my house till the next evening; she was dead when she was taken away.

(To be continued.)

Card to the Public.

Palmer's Livery.

Smethport, Pa., May 25, 1905.

You can find at my stables, No. 201 Water St., the best equipped livery in Smethport and we are ready to do business day or night. We have added a number of new carriages and horses and are prepared to serve you at short notice and at reasonable prices. Even if you owe a bill do not carry your money to "our friend the enemy," but bring it here and get a nice slick rig. I have assistants who will treat you kindly and try to make it pleasant for you. Thanking you for past patronage, I solicit your further commands.

A. T. PALMER.

Violin for Sale.

Now being used in orchestra. Inquire of N. E. Mann, Wright House.

Wedding Presents

bought at Prill's, Bradford, Pa., are delivered free of charge for out of town customers.

SMETHPORT 12 SHINGLE HOUSE 2.

Conners' Colts Were E. P. for the Champions Tuesday.

THREE HOME RUNS HELPED SOME.

Estry, Keefer and Tull Made Round Trip Hits—Fuller and Andrews Pitch Good Games—McCabe Played a Great Third Base.

Manager Connors and his team of world beaters, who claim Shingle House as their base of supplies, came to town Saturday and played an exhibition game with the Smethport Champions. Conners has a pretty fast bunch of ball players and for five innings it looked as though the Champs would have to hustle to win, but old Botched Hits turned the trick and Shingle House's defeat was decisive.

Big William Fuller made his initial appearance this season and was on the firing line for the locals. He had the boys from the Potter county town alternately breaking their backs at slow ones and wondering just what brand of rapid fire gun he kept concealed in his brawny left wing. The Big Pitch allowed them but eight hits for a total of nine bases and they were thinly sprinkled through six innings. He struck out seven men during the game, five coming in the first three innings. After that he let up a bit, but at no time allowed the visitors to take liberties with his delivery. Andrews, the opposing twirler, had some of the locals guessing. He succeeded in fanning twelve men, but the hits made off his delivery came in bunches.

Handley, the first man up for Shingle House, reached first on Daniels' error. He advanced a base on a wild pitch and scored on Jones' hit after Henderson struck out. Bartlett made a hit. Jones was caught at second on Lyman's grounder to short, and a moment later Sinclair was out, McCabe to Kopp.

Only six Smethport men faced Andrews in the first two innings. Four of these struck out and two were retired on flies. Fuller fanned the three Shingle House batters in the second.

Estry opened the third inning with a rattling liner that was too much for Handley to handle. McClure followed with a pretty bunt and beat it out to first, Croissant, who was running for Estry, taking third on the play. Lyman dropped Daniels' fly after. Fuller struck out and Croissant and McClure counted. Tull made a hit, scoring Daniels, but was left on second, the next two men striking out.

In the fourth with one out Croissant made a single and stole second and third. Estry knocked one far into the bounding billows of Marvin creek and two earned runs resulted. But it was in the sixth that the real bombardment occurred. Kopp was retired on a grounder and "Big Mike" Keefer wandered to the plate—Mr. Keefer was making a brief visit in town and was secured to play right field for this game. Andrews appeared to have "Mike's alley" and had succeeded in making the big fellow pound air on his previous appearances, but this time Mike saw a ball that suited him and dumped it over the right field fence—the longest hit on the grounds this year. Croissant made a single and stole second. Estry made his third hit of the game, which Waight allowed to get away from him and Croissant scored. McClure reached first on Andrews' error and stole second. Fuller sent a sizzling liner straight at Andrews which that player succeeded in stopping, but could not recover the ball in time to catch Fuller at first. Daniels was retired on a fly to Lyman and McClure scored on the throw in. Tull sent a grounder out into centerfield which rolled into the creek and Tully circuited via the water route. McCabe made a hit and reached third on an error, but Kopp stopped the fun by striking out. Thus Smethport made six hits and six runs in the sixth inning.

In the meantime Shingle House was being blanked, although they had men on bases in several innings and seemed sure to score, notably in the seventh when Smith, the first man up, landed on one of Fuller's floaters for two bases. He took third on a wild throw, but the next three men were quickly retired. Jones secured their last run in the eighth on a fielder's choice, passed ball and Lyman's single.

Smethport counted another in the eighth. McClure was safe on Henderson's error and Fuller made a hit. After Daniels had fanned Tull sent a fly to right field and McClure scored, the attempt to double him at the plate failing, but Fuller was caught at third.

Estry carried off the batting honors of the day with an average of 1.000. McCabe played a wonderful game at third, some of his catches and stops being of the spectacular order. He accepted eight chances without a miss.

The score follows:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Daniels, 2b	5	1	0	4	2	2
Tull, m	5	1	2	1	4	1
McClure, lf	4	1	1	2	0	0
Lyman, 1b	4	0	1	12	0	0
Fuller, p	4	0	0	0	3	0
Croissant, c	3	2	2	7	1	0
Estry, rf	3	2	3	2	0	0
Keefer, cf	4	1	2	2	0	0
McCabe, 3b	4	0	1	2	6	0
Kopp, ss	4	0	0	2	3	0
Totals	37	12	12	27	17	3

Shingle House	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Handley, ss	4	1	0	1	0	0
Henderson, 3b	4	0	1	1	2	1
Jones, c	4	1	2	12	3	0
Bartlett, 2b	4	0	1	3	2	1
Lyman, 1b	4	0	2	1	0	1
Sinclair, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Smith, lf	4	1	0	1	0	1
Waight, cf	4	0	0	1	0	1
Andrews, p	4	0	0	0	1	2
Totals	36	3	8	24	9	7

By innings:										
Smethport	0	0	3	2	0	0	1	4	—	12
Shingle House	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—	2

Earned runs—Smethport 4.
Stolen bases—Croissant 3, McClure 3, Fuller 2.
Two-base hit—Smith.
Home runs—Estry, Keefer, Tull.
Base on balls—Off Andrews 1.
Struck out—by Fuller 7; by Andrews 12.
Double play—Sinclair to Jones to Bartlett.
Umpire—Campbell.
Time of game—1:40.

A New Invention.

Editor Miner.—It might be of interest to your readers to learn that a Mt. Jewett gentleman is about to give to the world an invention that bids fair to revolutionize the present system of railway construction.

Although public interest is at present largely confined to improvements in auto cars, motor boats and other innovations, there is still room for consideration of inventions of a more useful character. In the light of present day improvements it can be fairly assumed that a safe and scientific system of railroad construction will, within the next decade or at least within the present century, replace the wooden railroad tie of the ancients (known of in the days of Rameses.)

The wooden tie employed in railroads is a product of the woodenage and as wood has been growing more scarce ever since the deluge, the railroad corporations may, within the next few generations, be led to realize that something more permanent than wood can be used as a support for their rails.

It would be difficult, in mere words, to convey to the reader a perfect understanding of the invention in question, in its various details, but it relates to railway ties and sleepers, and in theory is a radical departure from the system now in use. It would substitute for the present crude and unscientific wood tie, two hollow blocks made of vitrified clay, composition, or metal in shell form. The hollow block sleepers are connected by a small iron tie-bar that rests in grooves in the sleepers, and extends transversely beneath the rails. The outer end of each tie bar is turned up slightly to form a brace or shoulder to support clamps which secure the rail to the tie-bar and sleeper. This system makes the spreading of rails impossible and secures a perfect and permanent alignment of rails. In fact it is the unanimous opinion of all conversant with the devise, including many men of both scientific and practical training, that it is as perfect as human ingenuity can bring it. This opinion is shared by every railroad man who has studied the invention.

Instead of a long and perhaps rotten wood tie pressing over a hump in the centre of the road, and frequently sliding and displacing the rails, the new system provides an even, steady, central pressure on each separate sleeper, and the sleepers offer fully 75 per cent. more resistance to the ballast of the road bed than any other form of ties or sleepers. The system combines strength, permanence, beauty and common sense.

The error of the present system of railway construction will be quickly realized when the long single tie is replaced by separate blocks. Armies of Italians now employed in driving long, ened spikes into rotten wood and tamping under the ends of ties, can be dispensed with when the separate sleepers allowing an even central pressure on each sleeper, is substituted. But it is difficult to dislodge antiquated superstition, and the wood tie of unscientific parentage, would gather in countless thousands more of wreck victims, if wood remained plentiful. The stockholders' dividend is bound to decrease unless a substitute is found, and this invention solves the problem, improving the old, fossil system from every point of view.

When the system is once established on large roads as well as street railways, it will be permanent as well as economical. It is cheaper and far superior, theoretically, to any system yet invented, and can be substituted as fast as the wood ties rot out. The steel tie which the Pennsylvania railroad company has recently decided to try, (driven to desperation by the scarcity of wood) will prove a failure. It is exceedingly heavy and cumbersome and is no departure from the old idea of the long, single tie that permits the whole roadway to frequently slide and crawl. It is a very expensive system and cannot compete with the system under discussion.

H. J. Corell, the inventor has applied for patents in five different countries, and it is proposed to organize a stock company to promote and practically test the system.

Yours Very Truly,

H. S. ROGERS.

Mt. Jewett, Pa., May 29th, 1905.

Subscribe for the MINER.

SIMSON

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS

Copyright, 1904, by Robert C. V. Meyers

REDDY SULLIVAN and the Kid said they would clean out the place. Bart O'Donnell would not go so far as that, but he could work the racket for all it was worth. The ticket was to impede the operations of the Sunday school to be opened at the mission on the morrow. A snilling gentleman who insisted upon treating the men and women of the neighborhood as so many children had come upon "the gang" at Bernstein's corner and spoken of the opening of the school on the Sabbath, inviting the boys to attend.

The Kid was for fainting on the spot. Reddy Sullivan drew the back of his hand across his upper lip with a loud report. Bart O'Donnell said, "Oh, mamma!"

The next day Bart sauntered from Bernstein's corner with Reddy and the Kid in the direction of the mission. All at once he ran from the others out to the curb way and dragged a woman from under the very feet of a horse. She looked at him in a confused way as she righted her hat. He saw a thin, small creature in plain, cheap garb, without adornment save for a not too fresh white rose upon her breast.

"I was thinking," she said, "I did not see the horse," she said and, with a nod, passed on.

Reddy and the Kid came up and wanted to know if she had given Bart anything.

"Who wants anything?" demanded he. At the mission the gentleman who had invited them looked nervous as he assigned them to a class.

"Naw," said the Kid, "we don't want no man." And, followed by the others, he darted over to a bench before which stood a girl.

"Miss Calderson," said the gentleman, "these young men elect to become your pupils."

"I have no others," rejoined she. And Bart saw that she was the girl he had taken from under the horse's feet. She recognized him.

She was a tired girl, Bart thought, and he understood better when, to put herself en rapport with her class, she explained that she was a stranger in the city, had come from the country and was working in a factory.

The services proceeding, she opened her Bible and said she would speak about Samson. She read a part of the story of the strong man.

"The moral of this story is," she said bitterly, "that the greatest strength is only weakness if it is not equal to battle against deceit and slyness. Delilah"—

"She's all right, lady," interrupted the Kid. "She was right in it. He'd held trumps so often he thought he alwus had the ace."

"Simson ought to knowed better," said Bart, shaking his head, his eyes

DRAGGED FROM UNDER THE FEET OF A HORSE.

on her. "If he could take a mule's jawr and strike all them people where they lived, he ought to been a match for Delie."

"He certainly should," she assented, with affirmation, "but, then, Delilah saw his weak spot. The strongest man has his weak spot."

"What's the matter with the strongest woman?" asked Bart.

"There is no strongest woman," said Miss Calderson. "A woman's brain is governed by her feelings, and her feelings are only as strong as their weakest moment finds them, and"—

She blushed violently and shut the book with a snap, giving out the page of a hymn the school had begun to sing.

In the midst of this hymn Bart saw Reddy give the wink to the Kid, who set his eyes to rolling in a ghastly fashion. He went over to him.

"Come off. Don't get gay," he simply said and returned to his seat.

The Kid did not have a fit, and the school was dismissed.

Sunday came, and Bart went early to the mission. He was one of the first in the long, bare room. When Miss Calderson came in she was as white as ever. He had thought that possibly her last Sunday's danger from the horse had paled her for the day. But she was just as decolored today. And upon her breast was another white rose.

She gave Bart her hand, a rough little hand, with marks of toil on it. "So you are my only pupil today," she said. And so he was.

She read today from another part of the Scriptures and was altogether a quiet, peaceful creature.

When service was over Bart did a bold thing.

"May I walk alongside of you?" he asked her.

She hesitated at first and then may have thought of what he had done for her only a week before. "I suppose you want to ask me something about religion," she said. "I am very ignorant, very wicked. What can I do for you?"

"I want to ask you about Simson," he said, going out with her. She looked puzzled.

"Simson and Delie," he explained; "them you read about last Sunday."

"Oh," she said; "Samson."

"That's what I said," he returned, "Simson."

"The name," she corrected, "was Samson."

"I bet it was Simson," said Bart. "Anyway, Samson sounds more like as if you knowed him. I'll call him that."

She explained the story as well as she could, but she seemed uneasy. "I ought not to have read that," she said. "It was not the lesson of the day. But I felt like it. Do you ever do a thing you feel like doing even when you know it is wrong, Bart?"

"Always," answered Bart.

She laughed.

"There," she said. "I guess that's all. Goodby. I hope to see you next Sunday."

Bart was not so sure she should see him the next Sunday, he had not been favorably impressed today. But the next Sunday found him at the mission.

She was certainly glad to see him today; it seemed to her that a work taken up in a sort of desperation was bearing fruit. She was interested in her single scholar. Today she drew him out; at another time he would have withheld many things; but, the feeling of depression lifting so miraculously, he felt that he must say everything he knew about himself.

When school was over she asked Bart to walk with her that she might talk to him. She gave him no advice, but she told him she had thought over and over again how brave he had been in rescuing her that first Sunday they had met.

"Oh, that!" said Bart and flushed and felt good.

"And," she went on, "brave people are seldom idle. You must think of yourself as brave and strong—strong as"—

"Simson?" he interrupted.

She laughed.

"If he is your idea of strength, yes," she said.

A few days later Bart got work. The gang" jeered and called him a star member. Saturday night he brought home a white rose. "I'm thinkin' I'd like to treat you like a lady," he said to his mother. Mrs. O'Donnell had a fit of laughing, in the height of which Bart snatched up the flower and dashed it out the window. He afterward saw it in the hat of Mame Reilly, who said that a gentleman friend had presented it.

Bart was angry all night, angry with himself, in the morning he resolved not to go to the mission. But he would not give up his job of work simply because "the gang" expected he would.

When the time came for the school he went. Miss Calderson was there with her white rose. The sight of the flower made Bart wish he had stayed away, made him angry with the wearer of it. But she held out her hand and looked glad to see him.

Today the lesson went on without interruption. After school again did the teacher urge her pupil to walk with her. She grew hopeful upon him as her mission. Today he told her of his getting work. She said this made her glad; that he must always work and learn to love work.

Then she wanted to know what he did evenings, and, on his telling her about "the gang," she asked him to come and see her some evening.

"What evening?" he asked quickly.

She had to mention one.

That evening he went, taking with him a white rose. At sight of his gift she frowned.

"You alwus wear one," he said.

"Yes," she returned and put the flower in a little glass on the table of her meager room, where was the faded remnant of the one she had worn the Sunday before.

She had some slight refreshment for Bart, and, strangely enough, he resented this. He did not wish to be thought of like that. The evening was not particularly brilliant, and Bart went away feeling solemn.

He was solemn till Sunday. He considered it a part of the service now to walk with Miss Calderson when the school was over. At parting he asked her if he should come some evening that week also. This rather startled her, but she acquiesced.

That second evening she had a cold and could talk but little.

Bart astonished himself by his own eloquence. He asked her if she would mind reading his favorite story. He listened intently.

"That long hair of his was a bluff," he said when she had finished. "And he didn't love Delilah, or he wouldn't 've told her such stoop things. And she must 've been a-lyin', for the spoties was too thin."

"You are right"—and Miss Calderson was in that semifeverous state attendant on a cold, when dreaminess of idea ensues; besides, it was no more taxing talking to a baby to talk to this boy—"he couldn't have loved her and told her such untruths concerning the secret of his strength. Maybe he cared for another woman, and Delilah took him from her. Delilah must have been more than a paid spy; she must have been revengeful because he had loved before he met her. That day when you saved me from being run over I was thinking of a Delilah I know, angrily. I did not see the horse."

"You know De-lilah?" asked Bart.

"One of them," answered Miss Calderson.

"Let me," said Miss Calderson, "suppose to tell you a story. I have never told it to a living soul yet—perhaps because there was no one to tell it to. I am all alone in the world. There was a girl," she said softly, "who cared mightily for a man. He was a great strong man, but he had his weak spot. His weak spot was his love of beauty—beauty in a woman. This girl was not beautiful"—

"Delilah?" interrupted Bart.

"No," she shrilled. "Delilah was her friend and beautiful. Well, the girl became engaged to marry the man. Ah, he was so good to her; he was so strong! And she was so frail and weak—her frailty and weakness may have attracted him to her, those and her great love for him. She was fond of flowers, white flowers, such as she had seen in her mother's dead hand when she was a child. Every Saturday night he brought her a white rose to wear on Sunday. Once he met her friend, Delilah. After that he was lost to the frail girl. This frail girl was proud; she gave him up and seemed happy. She even went to the wedding. Then she left that part of the country and went to town. She grew frailer; she thought she had given him up, but she had not. And how did she know that she had not given him up? Why, every Saturday night when her work was paid for she bought a white rose just as he had done, and she wore it Sundays. I think that rose is killing her, but she will wear it to the end."

Her head drooped over, and Bart thought she was asleep, till all at once she raised her hand and smote herself upon the breast again and again, raining blows upon her bosom where he had seen the roses resting and broke into a passion of sobs that seemed almost to rend her. Bart was appalled. Once again he saw that she was strong, and he looked at her with a hot spot on his cheeks.

When the storm had expended itself she put out her hand, keeping her face away from him, and said good night in an annoyed manner. But he lingered. "I won't give it away," he said; "that there story."

"That story?" she queried. "Oh, my friend's story! My friend is dead, you know."

"That's why you cried," he said. "Is that why you wear a white flower—out o' memory o' her, because she liked 'em, and they was on her dead mother's hand when she was a child?"

She looked at him with a sort of terror. "Yes," she said. "But I shall never wear one again—never. Good night!"

And she had no white flower the following Sunday. Bart noticed it, as he noticed

BROKE INTO A PASSION OF SOBS.

everything about her; as he noticed how ill she looked and how much worse was her mood. She did not ask him to walk with her, did not ask him anything concerning himself. And he had developed a love for work—had she not told him he ought to love work?—and he wished she knew it. But he could not tell her unless she were interested in the fact.

That day he went with "the gang." His mother had gone out, and there was nothing for him to do in the way of taking care of her.

He did not see her that week. Sunday he thought he would go and make up with "the gang," but, drawn by a force to which he could not then have given a name, he went to the mission. Miss Calderson was not there. The gentleman told Bart that she was ill, but that he might go into another class. Bart turned on his heel. He went at once to Miss Calderson's.

She was lying back in her chair. Bart could have cried out she looked so dreary, so lonely, so wasted. She had a doctor, she said, but the sickness had been coming on for a long time, and it ran in her family, her mother having died of it. But she grew cheerful now that Bart had come, and he sat there, her cheerfulness communicating itself to him. When it was time for him to go she said a strange thing.

"Barty," she said, "you have made a better woman of me—poor, lonely boy! You have softened my heart with your belief in me, and—that is all. Come Thursday evening."

He had never been so happy in all his life before. He could have kissed his mother if she would have let him.

Thursday evening he went to Miss Calderson, who was again cheerful in his company. The woman from whom she rented her room was with her now, but went away for awhile. Then the little, pale teacher turned eagerly to Bart.

"Quick!" she said. "That box under the table. There are some dead flowers in it—my friend's roses, those the man gave her. Burn them for me."

Bart took the box and obeyed her. Only he kept one faded little bud in his folded hand.

She had turned her eyes to the stove; the faint, crackling scintillation made by the burning flowers lighted them up. She was ghastly. "Thank you," she said when the dried blossoms were all gone and closed her eyes. "I should like to help you a little, Barty. What shall I do?"

"Read about Simson," he answered in a rush. He wanted to see in her face that look which had first attracted him to her, that look of strength which belied her feeble frame, that look of passionate feeling, and to see that look called forth by something she should do for him.

She held the book in her wasted hands and in a muffled voice read a part of the old story, but the old look did not come into her face.

She closed the book.

"Thank you, Barty," she said. "It is you who have helped me, as usual. You saved me from the horse that time, your white rose told me how foolish I was to hold on to my sad sentiment, and to-day tonight of Simson, I find I have forgiven a man and a woman whom I had thought did me a cruel wrong. You are a strong, good fellow, Barty. Some day a good dear girl will love you as you deserve. Good night!"

Of course he did not understand, but he took her hand in his; there was so [illegible] He would [illegible] His fingers on the [illegible] she called him back [illegible] a serious boy; a good man, a [illegible] his weakness," she said. [illegible] She held her brow to his lips [illegible] thus, he almost knew what she had to say to her, but she turned her face from him, and, awed, he crept from the room.

He was not prepared for what he should be told Sunday morning at the mission, but he was told it, and he went away. No one knew where he hid till late in the afternoon. Then, with soft, white rose in his hand, he went to Miss Calderson's.

They let him into the room where she lay, one small, cold hand folded over the other. Upon these hands so folded, as she had told him her friend's mother's dead hands had had white roses on them, he laid the pallid flower he had brought; looking down upon the still face that told to no earthly eye the story of the heart as still. And then he went away, his eyes hurled in the sleeve of his coat, groping with his free hand for the side of the staircase.

Every Sunday when he has the money to spare a boy buys a white rose and goes and lays it upon a mound unmarked save by the dead flower he has placed there on a former occasion. Against his heart at the time is a crippling bud which was shved at the time Bart O'Donnell burned the dead flowers of Miss Calderson's friend. But this is not Bart O'Donnell; without act of legislature he has become Bart Simson, and so he is known. Did not Miss Calderson want it so? He has changed his life and his name for the little, pale teacher. Some day he may know that he loved her.

A Mediterranean Phenomenon.

Mirages are common in many parts of the world, such phenomena being familiar to travelers in the tropics as well as in the arctic regions and on deserts just the same as upon the waters of lakes, seas and oceans. The most peculiar of the whole list of atmospheric illusions is that species of mirage called the Fata morgana, which is peculiar to that portion of the Mediterranean sea which lies off the coast of Calabria between Italy and Sicily. Exhibitions of the Fata morgana are the most fantastic spectacles imaginable. If a city is presented to view, some of the buildings are seen standing in their natural positions, while those adjoining may be standing at every conceivable angle or are completely inverted. The morgana has been known since before the time of Christ and has always been viewed with awe by superstitious people.

Polite.

Miss De Style—You say Golddust is an awfully polite fellow? Miss Gunbusta—Yes, indeed. Why, when he saw Miss Gotrox's standing in society he offered her his country seat.

A NAP AFTER A MEAL

ONE OF THE BEST ITEMS IN THE LIST OF LIFE PRESERVERS.

The Postprandial Restful Doze Is an Aid to Good Health and More In Accord With Physiological Requirements Than Exercise.

The majority of people take a meal of some kind between the hours of 12 and 2 daily, says a physician. With a number of persons this meal assumes the form of a substantial dinner, while with others it amounts to nothing more than a light luncheon. In either case, however, the repast requires to be digested, and this necessitates some modification of the activities of the brain, since neither that organ nor those concerned in the processes of digestion are capable of good work when an attempt is made to put forth their energies simultaneously.

The exceedingly complex processes of digestion and assimilation whereby dead animal and vegetable matters are transformed into living human tissues demand for their rapid and healthy performance an increased circulation of blood in the stomach and ancillary organs as well as a concentration of nervous energy in the same region. Now, increase of circulation in one organ or set of organs entails a diminution in the others. Consequently the supply of blood to the brain is curtailed immediately after a meal has been eaten, and since the blood is the life the higher functions of that great organ are performed only with difficulty if at all.

A tendency to drowsiness, confusion of thought and inability to make any great mental effort are among the results of a diminished cerebral circulation. These feelings are, therefore, experienced by most persons after a meal, and they are the more pronounced in proportion to the greater amount of digestive energy expended.

Since brain work of good quality cannot be performed while the processes of digestion are in active operation it is wise not to attempt it. It is never prudent to thwart the beneficent intentions of nature. Many persons struggle against the mental and physical lethargy that accompany the earlier stages of the digestive act, apparently under the delusion that all time given to the important business of building up and repairing their tissues is time wasted. So far from this being the case, a well spent postprandial interval tends to the preservation and prolongation of life.

If a tendency to drowsiness is felt sleep should be allowed to prevail, for the proverbial "forty winks" is justified by science. A ten or fifteen minutes' nap after a meal, curiously enough, will enable many a brain worker to arise refreshed who might have spent an hour or two in a vain and mentally confused struggle against the "drowsy god." A cup of tea or coffee about an hour after a light luncheon will facilitate and expedite the last stages of gastric digestion and so assist in the rapid re-establishment of mental vigor and clearness of mind.

There are some persons who instead of resting after luncheon or early dinner take some form of exercise, such as walking or cycling. If the meal has been at all substantial muscular exercise must tend to retard and weaken digestion by withdrawing a certain modicum of nerve energy to the lower limbs and the centers which govern their movements and diminishing the circulation in the alimentary canal by increasing it in the legs and arms. Unless their digestive powers are very keen people who take active exercise after food find that the process of digestion is thereby only prolonged.

On many grounds rest after food is more in accordance with physiological requirements than exercise, and the afternoon nap, so scoffed at by the heedless, is a measure to be not only defended but recommended. It is a practice beneficial not only to digestion, but to many of the other functions of the body. Rest is the one thing needful in this restless age, and it is never so necessary as in the small hours of the afternoon.

Among the many generally unsuspected benefits conferred on the post meridian sleeper rest of the heart and systemic circulation must be placed in the front rank. Now, the more rest, within the limits of health, the heart is able to obtain the more efficiently and the longer will it continue to carry on its work, for the heart is, with most people, a much overworked organ, and any indulgence given it will be repaid several times over.

Another very important organ which obtains a much needed rest during the afternoon nap is the eye. There is no reason why people should be constantly laying waste the powers of the organ of vision, the optic nerve and the visual centers of the brain itself by continual gazing at whatever trivial objects chance to present themselves within the field of vision. Even the most casual of "things seen" entails an expenditure of nerve energy, and an adjustment of accommodation, wear and tear of the exceedingly fine and complex ocular mechanism and a corresponding exhaustion of the nerve cells constituting the visual centers of the brain, all of which must tend ultimately to curtail the period during which the visual sense should be at its best.—London Chronicle.

One Bird Barred.

"Can we keep birds?" inquired Mr. Younghusband, who was looking at the flat.

"Well, you can keep canaries and such birds as them," replied the genial landlord, "but there's one bird barred from these apartments."

"What bird is that?"

"Stork."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Human Echoes.

I don't like to talk much with people who always agree with me. It is amusing to coquette with an echo for a little while, but one soon tires of it.—Carlyle.

Th' man that continyally says he don't care is ginrally th' touchiest man in th' whole na-aberhood.—Baltimore American.

CURIOUS WAGERS.

Freak Bets Won and Lost by the Conservative Briton.

In the year 1787 a farmer laid a wager that he would eat two dozen penny mutton pies and drink a gallon of ale in half an hour, a feat which he easily performed well within the specified limit. In about half an hour afterward he devoured a three penny loaf and a pound of cheese and then attacked a leg of pork. A few years later, when the prince regent was enlivening Bright at Wilfrida's nuptials, the notorious Sir John Lade made his celebrated wager that he would carry Lord Chalmondeley on his back twice around the steine. As Sir John was short and his opponent tall, much curiosity was aroused, and many spectators, including ladies, came out to see, but were all balked of the spectacle by the knight declining to bear the nobleman except in the minimum of clothing, declaring that there was nothing in the conditions calling upon him to carry extra weight. Of quite another kind, says the Queen, was the wagering by a gentleman that he would stand all day upon London bridge with a trayful of new sovereigns, but be unable to sell them at a penny a piece, and, like Sir John Lade, he won his wager. Fancy dress balls are still a favorite amusement, with people and many quaint and curious designs are to be seen at such assemblies, but here again there is nothing new, for, to quote but one instance, in 1800 a curious wager was laid between two gentlemen as to who should assume the most singular character. The winner paraded with his coat and waistcoat decorated with bank notes of different values, a row of five guinea notes and a netted purse of gold adorned his hat, while on his hat appeared a piece of paper with the words "John Bull." The loser would certainly appear to have been more original still, for he appeared dressed like a woman on one side, one half of his face being painted and the other half blackened to resemble that of a negro. On one leg he wore a silk stocking and a slipper and on the other half a pair of linen breeches, a boot and spur, while he was also adorned with half a linen coat.—London Standard.

THE RACCOON.

In the spring he starves.

He hibernates in winter.

During the summer and fall he feasts.

His coat is much sought for various purposes.

In captivity he is most engaging and appealing.

The coon-coat's raccoon is game only in the autumn.

He can always whip a dog of his own size and weight.

Though called carnivorous, he has a weakness for peanuts.

Though the size of a very large cat, he is allied to the bear.

In eating corn he bends it down, tearing open the husks as does the hog.

Their treetop tendency may be observed in the zoo's famous honey locust.

He comes from the woods to rob the cornfield, de troying much more than he eats.—Philadelphia Record.

Painfully Proud.

An English paper tells the following pathetic story of a governess who had seen better days, but who became altogether reduced in circumstances—nay, she kept hunger with difficulty from her door. Some benevolent person, hearing of her sad plight and knowing her pride, forwarded her half a sovereign, withholding any name. After the death of the poor lady, not so very long afterward, when her desk was searched by a friend, there was found a neat little white paper packet containing the half sovereign untouched. Across the paper was written in a tremulous hand: "Ten shillings sent anonymously. Most indecent."

Breach of Discipline.

In February, 1748, Lord Robert Bertie, third son of Robert, first duke of Lancaster, afterward general in the army and colonel of the Second regiment of foot guards, received a reprimand, such reprimand being conveyed to him by the Duke of Cumberland's aid-de-camp. His military offense was that he had blown his nose, as he relieved guard, beneath his grace's window in St. James palace; this, and this only, was all he had done.—Chambers' Journal.

No Fire Within.

Times have changed. Our fathers for some strange reason preferred a cold meeting house to one which was warmed by artificial heat. When a stove was put into the Old South church, Boston, in 1783, says J. H. Crandon, a newspaper of contemporary date contained this significant lament:

Extinct the sacred fire of love,
Our zeal grown cold and dead,
In the house of God we fixed a stove
To warm us in their stead.

Folly of Longevity.

The centenarian is a man who has mistaken quantity for quality. The centenarian's life is not always life at all. It is sometimes no more than a bad habit. They live longest who live least.—London Tatler.

It Wasn't Help That Was Wanted.

Mrs. Hiram Often—Insert this advertisement for a girl, but for goodness' sake don't put "Help Wanted" over it. Clerk—No? Mrs. Hiram Often—No. That implies that I expect to do most of the work myself. The last girl I got this way held me to that.—Philadelphia Press.

Identifying the Speakers.

"The lady in the purple waist is out of order," announced the presiding officer at a recent woman's convention. "The lady in the gray foulard has the floor."

Who says women are not parliamentarians?—Pittsburg Post.

The man who sunis women up in a sentence is the man whom women can fool with a phrase.—Mollentrave.

DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY
Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

Spring and Summer Styles
in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.
PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS
In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.
Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice swee piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
— AND —
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to E. U. Nourse.
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn
First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.
MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF
Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

A. T. Palmer
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 5, 1903.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.
BROMO-PEPSIN
"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."
CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

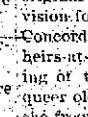
C. J. VANBLAD.

"Shut your eyes, open your mouth and see what luck will bring you."

Many a woman is weak and sick, nervous and discouraged. She suffers from headache, backache and other ills. She wants to be well, but all she does is to shut her eyes and open her mouth for medicine and trust to luck for results. She "doctors" month after month, often year after year, in this same blind, hap-hazard fashion, and receives no permanent benefit.

Women take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription with their eyes open to the fact that it cures womanly ills. It cures irregularity. It dries debilitating drains. It heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. There is no trusting to luck by those who use "Favorite Prescription."

"In the year 1903 my health was poor," writes Mrs. J. Huck, of 242 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y. "I suffered from falling of womb, a disagreeable discharge, painful monthly periods, headache, backache and pains in the limbs. Every month was confined to bed for two or three days. Was weak, nervous and hysterical; life was a burden to myself and I made every one in the family unhappy because I was so irritable. My husband got me four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and before I had taken the first bottle I was feeling some relief. The medicine made me well and strong; free from every obnoxious ache and pain, and I felt like a new woman. Before I used the Favorite Prescription I had been taking another physician's medicine for nearly three months, but had received no benefit. Your medicine is certainly the best in the world."



A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little Pellet is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Don't let a selfish seller over-persuade you to accept a substitute for these Original Little Liver Pills, first put up by old Dr. R. V. Pierce over 40 years ago. Much imitated, but never equaled.

THE BIG STORE.

Jewett's Refrigerators
Shepard's Lightning Ice Cream Freezers.
Wheeler's Adjustable Window Screens
Screen Doors
Wire Screen Poultry Netting
Summer Gas Ranges
Hot Plates and Ovens
Paints and Varnishes
Crockery and Glassware
Spaulding's Baseball and Athletic Goods

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 8, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Remember the ball game Saturday.

—Mr. Jewett is going to celebrate the Fourth of July.

—Bell Brothers, Olean, have an interesting ad to-day.

—See John C. Hamlin's new hardware advertisement. It will interest you.

—Wm. Monheimer tells of a great reduction in clothing prices in his ad this week.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have a change of advertisement this week to which your attention is directed.

—The P., S. & N. Locals will play a game of baseball with the Bloomster Hollow team at the latter place next Sunday.

—Italians working on the excavation for a new school building at Bolivar, N. Y., had a fight a few days ago and the result is one dead and another seriously wounded.

—Elbert Goodrich, who has been ill since April first and the guest of Bolivar relatives for the past few weeks, left Saturday for Smethport, where on Monday he resumed his position as clerk in the Lindholm & Co. dry goods store in that village.—Bolivar Breeze.

—Wednesday evening while Edward Bratz of Hazelhurst, Pa., was in this city on his way to Shingle House to work in the glass factory, he fell from a street car and quite badly cut his face. Dr. Morris dressed the cuts and he continued on his way to Shingle House.—Olean Ledger.

—A hotly contested game of ball was played at Sartwell last Sunday between Sartwell and Port Allegany. At the end of the tenth inning the score stood 7 to 8 in favor of Sartwell and the Port boys were forced to leave the field sadder but wiser men. Batteries—Sartwell, Cooney and Mullin; Port Allegany, Ainsboro and Rogan.

—On Monday, Constable Thomas Fennerty made his 109th return to the court at Smethport. Constable Fennerty has been constable for over 25 years continuously, having been first sworn in in May, 1880. During that time 101 criminal courts have been held in the county. Constable Fennerty having missed attending one while lying ill in the hospital a year or two ago. How is that for a record?—Bradford Record.

—Many people have money to burn if they wish; but it is seldom that any of them desire to do so. Miss Calista Godard of Concord, N. Y. was an exception. In Buffalo this week Chas. G. Strambro, a notary of Concord, presented the copy of a will that he swore he drew up for Miss Godard before her death. The original of the will, which made provision for the erection of a town hall in Concord, has been destroyed and the heirs-at-law protest against the probating of the copy. Miss Godard was a queer old woman. Her nurse testified she frequently burned money and mortgages in the kitchen stove at night to "warm up the house," as Miss Godard explained. Thousands of dollars worth of securities were thus destroyed, it is said. The remaining estate is worth about $60,000.

Queer Ways of the Toad.

Paternal affection is not perhaps the precise emotion that we should be disposed to look for in the cold blooded frog, but the Surinam toad appears to exhibit this praiseworthy attitude of mind toward his numerous progeny. When his mate lays her eggs the solicitous father places them carefully upon her back, where in due time their presence causes an irritation that produces numerous small holes, into which the eggs forthwith drop. In these cells, which from natural pressure get to be hexagonal, like honeycomb, the young frogs are finally hatched and for a bit scramble about their mother's back, hiding in their nurseries when danger threatens.

The Sea Anemone.

The sea anemone resembles in shape a morning glory. Its mouth opens like the cup of that flower, and above it are seen a number of tentacles waving in the water. Its food consists of anything it can get, but generally it gets the minute insects that float in the sea. At any alarm it closes its cup and is then hardly distinguishable from the rock on which it is rooted. It has a set of sucker muscles that attach it so firmly to the rock that it will sometimes be torn in pieces rather than let go.

Guessed It the First Time.

"Pa," said little Willie, who had been reading a treatise on phrenology, "what is a bump of destructiveness?"

"Why—er—a railroad collision, I suppose," replied his father.

Wise in the Courtroom.

Judge—[illegible] hand to take the oath. The witness puts on the left one. Judge—Not that one, Witness—Which one?—Lustige Blatter.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Missed the Mark.

Mr. McDougall was a Scotsman, and of him a good story is told. He was a large, pompous man, intolerably self conceited and arrogant—in fact, his conduct toward his neighbors was so offensive that the good people successfully requested their minister to preach a sermon directed at their vain neighbor.

The day came. The little kirk was packed, though a few tender hearted ones stayed at home not wishing to witness their neighbor's humiliation.

The sermon began, and Mr. McDougall disposed himself to listen. The text was infernity was sketched with bold, severe strokes. He smiled with lofty superiority. As the denunciation grew more scathing, his smile deepened with a touch of complacent pity. At the conclusion of the service he swaggered down the aisle. One of the elders joined him.

"Well, what did ye think of the sermon?" the latter ventured to ask.

"A great effort, sir," was the answer. "But, personal. The rector aimed his shots at me directly. Poor MacTavish! Not a soul save for him but the man's conscience might go."

Kindness of an Ostrich.

During an exceptionally heavy tropical rain in Durban two flocks of the ordinary half bred native and Bombay variety got washed in the flood down the Umgeni river, which flows through the town gardens. The ducks both got entangled in the barbed wire and wire netting which crosses from bank to bank. One manages by much flapping of wings to extricate itself; the other seemed, however, to be on the point of drowning when a large ostrich stalked out of the bush and waded into the river, lifted it bodily out of the water and carried it ashore by one wing.

The duck was not badly hurt, but its rescuer was severely torn on its thighs muscles by the barbed wire. The incident is all the more remarkable, as the ostrich, with rare exceptions, buries its head in the sand during a storm and will starve to death sooner than move.—Durban Spectator.

Contented in Spain.

There is one charming feature of Spain, in the capacity to imagine yourself the center of the earth for the time being and yet not be offensive. You meet a man on a donkey in the interior and get to talking with him, and soon you learn that he has the finest donkey of the province, and so far from envying any man he it is who is satisfied that he is exciting the admiration, if not the envy, of his neighbors. If I met that same sort of outfit in the mountains of Colorado or Nevada, the cayuse would be sure to hold his burro in contempt and would talk of the fine horse he meant to have when his mine had been developed. We Americans preach contentment, but we despise the people who are contented. The true Spaniard is thoroughly contented.—National Magazine.

Do Not Sleep on the Left Side.

There is little doubt that an immense number of persons habitually sleep on the left side, and those who do so can never, it is said, be strictly healthy. It is the most prolific cause of nightmare and also of the unpleasant taste in the mouth on arising in the morning. All food enters and leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pounding operation which is anything but conducive to sound repose. The action of the heart is also seriously interfered with and the lungs unduly compressed; hence it is best to cultivate the habit of always sleeping on the right side.

"The Lost Chord."

Sir Arthur Sullivan was at one time greatly worried about what appeared to him to be a bad inconsistency in "The Lost Chord." Sir John Robinson tells the story. "The words are, 'I struck one chord of music like the sound of a great amen.' Now, amen is a word of two syllables, so that there must have been two chords. He did not notice this, he said, until after the song had been sung in public, and he was terribly afraid he would get laughed at for it. Strange to say, nobody ever seemed to have found it out."

Not a Lingering Fault.

"Dear George has only one fault," said the bride of three short weeks. "He is such an awful flatterer."

"That fault," rejoined her older sister, who had been up against the matrimonial game for three long years, will gradually disappear as the honeymoon wanes."

"Oh, dear," sighed the bride, "I was in hopes it would last forever."—Chicago News.

His Doubtful Compliment.

What was that he said?" queried the indignant grocer. "Did he dare insinuate that I ought to put less sand in my sugar?"

"Not at all. When I told him that we were using up more paper than by other dealers he said it showed that your business was like you did."—Houston Post.

Realism in Art.

Little Visitor—Is that going to be a large oil painting? Whose picture is that? Little Hostess—It be was my mamma's great-aunt. I never heard much about her, but guess she was a schoolteacher. Little Visitor—Why? Little Hostess—See how her eyes follow us about.

Wanted a Ceremony.

Ethel—Ma, I want some water to christen my doll. Ethel's Ma—No, dear. It is wrong, you know, Ethel—Well, then, I want some wax to waxinate her. She's old enough now to have something done to her.

Saved Money.

"Has your husband had any luck with the races?"

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Tucklas. "He has been feeling ill all the week and couldn't go out to the track."—Washington Post.

Patience is bitter, but its fruits are sweet.—Rousseau.

Animal Fur.

Fur is a threadlike fiber which grows out of the pores of the skins of animals. It grows in length from the root and not from the top, as with vegetable productions. The lower portion merely lengthens out, and the top pushes forward, consequently if once cut it will always remain blunt. It is tubular and filled with oil, which gives to the fiber its color. In addition to the oil it contains mineral matter, among which are sulphur and iron. A close examination of the fiber will, to a certain extent, show the section of the country the animal inhabits. The short and crisp with an oval or angular cross section indicates tropical growth; the long and soft, with circular cross section, a northern climate. The fibers from different parts of the same animal have a different structure and value, that which is taken from the back of a land animal being the finest, while the reverse is true of the animal which confines itself mostly to water, the belly being much finer than the back.

Simplicity of Jenny Lind.

Jenny Lind must have been the most simple, unpretending prima donna that ever lived. When she first came to England she was bound to sing only at the Royal Italian Opera House, and when commanded to sing at the queen's concert she was obliged to refuse. Very sorry to be compelled to make this, she ordered her carriage and drove straight to Buckingham palace. She handed her card to an official, who, not immediately, declined to take it. A higher authority happened to pass and took it upon himself to present it. As soon as her majesty saw it she said: "Admit her by all means." Jenny Lind appeared and said simply that she was so very sorry to be unable to sing at her majesty's concert that she thought it better to call herself and explain. The queen was charmed with her natural manner, gave her a cordial reception and promised to be her friend.—London Globe.

A Vicious Letter Writer.

The famous Dr. Andrew Bell had a wife who, after exhausting all her ingenuity in making him miserable, finally left him. She then began writing him long letters filled with personal abuse and when she found he did not take the trouble to open them took to abusing him on the envelope. One she addressed: "To that supreme of rogues, who looks the blackguard that he is, Dr. (such a doctor) Andrew Bell." Another was thus pleasingly inscribed: "To that ape of apes and knave of knaves, Dr. Andrew Bell, who is recorded to have once paid a debt, but a small one you may be sure it was that he selected for this wonderful experiment—in fact, it was fourpence-ha'penny.—Had it been on the other side of sixpence he must have died before he could achieve so dreadful a sacrifice."—London Tatler.

A Clever Cabby.

The king of the Belgians once left his umbrella in a hansom when driving in Brussels. This was returned to his majesty a few hours afterward by the proud cabby, who was offered for his honesty by King Leopold the sum of 100 francs. The astute John, however, begged a great favor of the king. Could he have the umbrella instead of the money? The favor was granted, and before many days had passed the coachman had put up the umbrella for sale, and it was knocked down to some royal enthusiast for 1,100 francs. When King Leopold heard of this he exclaimed, "Well, I've heard of an umbrella being put up to keep off showers of rain, but this seems to have been put up to bring down showers of gold!"

Time For Others.

Tess—So Grace is finally married, eh? Jess—Gracious! No! Why, this is only her first venture.—Philadelphia Press.

Too many wish to be happy before becoming wise.—Necker.

"DO IT TO-DAY!"

"And to think that ten months ago I looked like this! I owe it to German Syrup."

¶The time-worn injunction, "Never put off 'til to-morrow what you can do to-day," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. ¶Take some reliable remedy for it TO-DAY—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold, and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. ¶No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if consumption has attacked your lungs German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. ¶New trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

PATENTS

PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo for examination and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., IN ALL COUNTRIES.
Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.
Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at
623 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

CA·SNOW & Co.

WE SELL IT FOR LESS

THAN THE EXCLUSIVE HARDWARE, STOVE, FURNITURE OR CARPET STORE CAN AFFORD TO . . . . . .

We offer SPECIAL prices to Smethport buyers and on orders of $5 or more pay the freight.

MILLER HARDWARE CO.,
OLEAN, N. Y.

THE LARGEST HOUSE FURNISHING STORE IN SOUTHWESTERN NEW YORK

NEW SUMMER MILLINERY and LADIES FURNISHINGS

All the latest and most up-to-date styles in New Summer Millinery is shown in our store.

We also have an elegant line of covert and silk jackets for ladies which show exquisite style and durability.

Prices very reasonable.

SPECIAL LACE SALE FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

Having purchased a large stock of laces at a very low price we offer them to you this week at special prices.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

OLD MILL SOAP

To introduce, 8 bars for . . . 25c

Oak Leaf, Fels Naptha and Coal Oil Johnny's Petroleum Soap.
Grandpa's Wonder and Glycerine Tar Soap.
Ivory, Fairy, Good and Mystic White Soap.
Bon Ami, Sapolio, plain and perfumed, and Wrigley's Mineral Scouring Soap.
Gold Dust, Pearline, Babbitt's "1776" and Swift's Washing Powder.
Sal Soda, Arm & Hammer Washing Soda and Chloride of Lime.
Brooms, Brushes and Mop Sticks.

House Cleaning Time is Here. We Want Your Orders.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, The Miner, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WITH THE CRUSHED FRUITS CAN NOW BE HAD.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 8, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the position of County Commissioner of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Democratic party at the primaries.

W. P. WALSH.

Smethport, Pa., March 14, 1905.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For State Treasurer,
J. LEE PLUMMER,
of Hollidaysburg.

For Superior Court Judges,
CHARLES E. RICE,
of Wilkesbarre.
GEORGE B. ORLADY,
of Huntingdon.
JAMES A. BEAVER,
of Bellefonte.

COUNTY.

FOR SHERIFF,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
J. B. EASTMAN.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
GUY B. MAYO.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
W. H. MORRISON.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

THE teamsters' strike in Chicago still continues and is causing much privation in the families of the strikers.

THE expected split has been effected between Norway and Sweden, by the action of the Storthing of Norway in declaring a resolution of dissolution. The movement is strongly opposed in Sweden by King Oscar and subjects.

WITH nearly all the civilized nations urging for peace between Russia and Japan it would seem the proper thing for Russia to make the best terms possible and end the war. Nothing can be gained for Russia by keeping up this hopeless fight.

FIRE gutted the Avenue theatre in Pittsburg last Friday afternoon, doing $110,000 damage, which is covered by insurance. An audience in the Grand opera house, the adjoining building, was marched out in an orderly manner and no one was injured.

THE prospect for a race track and fair grounds in Smethport is steadily increasing. R. W. Hilton, who is taking subscriptions for the stock, says that he is gradually adding to the list of subscribers and that he thinks it is only a matter of time when sufficient stock will be subscribed to warrant the building of the track and buildings.

THE able manner in which each of the graduating class handled his or her part in the commencement exercises last Thursday evening speaks well for both the members of the class and their instructors, and all concerned should feel proud of their work. The faculty of the Smethport schools is deserving of much credit for their work of the school year just closed and the retention of practically the same corps of instructors for the coming year is a good move on the part of our school board.

IN a letter to President Roosevelt, Lieut. Com. Robert E. Peary discusses his plans for reaching the north pole on an expedition that will start from New York, July 6th. In conclusion he says: "My discovery of the pole means additional prestige for my country, and should I succeed in my mission—should an American be the first to plant the Stars and Stripes at the summit of the frozen North—well, it may be that 70,000,000 of my countrymen and countrywomen would feel one thrill of pride, a thrill of pride worth all the hardships and all the sufferings my trip is going to cost."

THE wedding of Crown Prince Frederick William, who if he lives will one day be German Emperor and King of Prussia, and the Duchess of Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, took place Monday in the chapel of the Schlos, Berlin, with severe though rich simplicity. The marriage services lasted about half an hour and were conducted by the court chaplain, Dr. Drysander. When the ceremony was concluded congratulations were in order. The emperor immediately advanced toward the crown princess, kissed her on both cheeks, and offered her his congratulations, after which he kissed the crown prince on both cheeks and wished him lifelong happiness. In this country we would have congratulated the groom and omitted the kisses, while we would have wished the bride lifelong happiness with all the kisses she would allow, but we are only residents of a free country and not "on to the curves" of royalty, besides "look what she got!"

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., June 3, 1905.

The President has finally announced that he will not call Congress in special session until after the November elections and he now expects to convene the extraordinary session on November 13. There are many of the leaders in the Republican party, however, who believe that this decision sounds the death knell of the special session and that eventually the President will be entirely dissuaded from the idea of calling any special session. The argument used with the President to induce him to abandon his first idea was that he could accomplish no good by calling the Congress in session at a time that would prove objectionable to all the members, that as a result they would all come to Washington in a surly or sullen mood and would merely waste time instead of getting down to business in advance of the regular session. The President has heeded this argument to the extent above outlined and now the opponents of a special session are ready with arguments for further delay although they may not present them until later in the summer.

The argument which is expected to dissuade the President from calling any session is this: By calling Congress together on November 13 there will be at most but three weeks gained before the date on which the national legislature would meet by law; Congress will never again consent, however, to remain in session right up to the hour when the regular session must commence, for the reason that when this was done a year ago the members lost the extra mileage which they regard as their special perquisite whenever they meet in special session. For that reason it will be urged, Congress will certainly adjourn at least a week in advance of December 4, the date on which the regular session must begin, and so only two weeks would be gained. Then the President will be asked if in his judgment the two weeks gained will compensate for the $100,000 which Congress is certain to take for itself for mileage and the old argument that no member of Congress wants a special session at all will be revamped and so the special session of 1905 will, in the judgment of those best fitted to judge, have been added to a long list of things "gone glimmering."

There is no disguising the fact that the President's decision is a victory for the stand patters. They so regard it and they are jubilant at having won the day. It will be remembered that when, early in the last session, the President called the leaders of both houses of Congress to the White House for a conference on the tariff, Speaker Cannon, while protesting that there was not the slightest necessity of changing a single tariff schedule, declared that if any should be changed it should be done at a special session called for this purpose this spring. The speaker's reason for urging a spring session was that if it were undertaken to readjust the tariff schedules at a special fall session, ordering a regular session, the Democrats in the Senate would purposely prolong the debate until so close to the fall elections that the business of the country would not have time to become readjusted to the new schedules and the Republican members of the House would suffer at the polls. The speaker's argument was met by Senator Aldrich, however, with the assurance that there would be no unnecessary delay if the special session were deferred until fall and the President abided by the judgment of the Senator from Rhode Island.

With the purpose of making good his assurance to the President, Senator Aldrich immediately thereafter secured from the Democratic leader, Senator Gorman, a pledge that if the House would send over a tariff bill during the special fall session the Democrats in the upper house would permit it to come to a vote before the date for the beginning of the regular session. Of course, now that the President has deferred the convening of the special session until so late a date there is no chance for the Democrats to redeem Mr. Gorman's pledge, while the speaker's argument against opening the tariff question on the eve of an election has gained added force. The "stand patters" are therefore doubtless correct in their assertion that while the President has in no way departed from his original conviction that some readjustment of the tariff schedules to changed conditions is essential to a square deal, he has dealt tariff readjustment in the next session a death blow by his abandonment of October 16 as the date on which to convene the special session.

The President has not, despite all reports to the contrary, taken any steps toward the promotion of peace between Russia and Japan. Much as he would like to further the cause of peace in the Orient he is powerless to do anything in that direction without a direct request from the Czar, and even then it is questionable if he could accomplish anything. The Japanese are determined that they will have no more to do with intermediaries, or even with Russian ministers, unless the Czar selects an intermediary who will guarantee the observance of good faith by the Czar. The Japanese claim that Russia intimated that she was prepared to discuss peace terms after the battle of Laio Yaing and then when Japan showed her hand she immediately ordered Rojestvensky from Madagascar to Vladivostok. It is further pointed out that when Great Britain agreed to arbitrate the Dogger Bank incident Great Britain agreed that if an Englishman were found guilty he should be punished and Count Lamsdorff agreed for Russia that if the Russian officers were found guilty they should be punished. The blame was ultimately placed on the Russians and the Czar refused to make good the promise of his minister by punishing them. For these reasons it is clearly intimated that there must be every assurance of good faith on the part of Russia, and that the Czar himself must take the initiative before any effective peace movement can be undertaken.

OLEAN'S BIG DEP'T. STORE

BELL BROS.

We are Showing the Prettiest Shirt Waists of the Season.

One thing we like to talk about is our charming assembly of SHIRT WAISTS.

They are exceptionally pretty—so pretty this season that we are put to it in trying to describe their daintiness in cold, black type. Every style that expert fingers have designed is here—lace trimmed, embroidery trimmed or made in many ways hemstitchings and tuckings.

Recently a new line came to us. They are now in view. Then there is an excellent chance that will be productive of some important savings to you. Find the shirt waist section.

Come and see the New Wash Suits.

For once Dame Fashion has set a style that is sensible, as it is pretty—the washable shirt waist suit. Beginners have fairly outdone themselves in conjuring dainty styles, and trimming ways for this newest of frocks. Some of the most attractive are right here in our store. The buyer of our suit department made special effort to find the most charming. Here are the kind and their prices.

Cloth Jackets The Central Desire

Coverts are here, of course, but every other kind of jacket as well. A splendid exhibit. A jacket there must be in every well regulated wardrobe, and we prepared this season to lay in a stock that should please every woman patron we have. Some are quite elaborately tailor stitched; others quite plainly. Come see for what a little price you may possess a genteel, stylish cloth coat.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of S. W. N. Y.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT. PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS	$60,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORBES.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co., Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Eleven of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer

OUR ANNUAL

Great Reduction Sale

BEGINS TO-DAY

Prices on all MENS, YOUTHS & CHILDREN'S SUITS have been

Reduced

ON AN AVERAGE OF

30 per cent.

Even immense lots go quickly at such reductions. There are many Suits in this SALE heavy enough for fall.

WM. MONHEIMER.

SMETHPORT.

LOST

opportunities seldom present themselves again. If you have any Plumbing to be done, better send for us right away.

Good Plumbers

like us are in demand. So if you put that job of yours off we may be too busy to give it the prompt attention we can now. Come today? Sure.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES, RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

New and Nifty Styles in

Straw Hats.

Up-to-date and not expensive.

Call and look them over.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Just Received From New York City at Store of D. C. Young

Fine assortment of New Spring Dress Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions. Newest things out in Wash Goods for Ladies' Wear. Also nice lot of Ladies' Shirt Waists for every day wear, at popular prices. Also a new lot of latest styles in Ladies' Fine Shoes. Call and examine same before purchasing elsewhere. At same time do not forget to take a glance at our bargain counter where you can find many things that will interest you.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

Feb. 6, 1905.

SPRING SUITS

The latest styles in spring goods have now arrived. The assortment is complete in every detail, and one of the best ever shown in Smethport. Let me make your Easter suit and I will guarantee it to be satisfactory in every sense of the word.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of

TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES

were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

The Lindholm Co.

The Great June Sale of White is our Topic This Week

THIS SALE BEGINS FRIDAY MORNING.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR A SUBSTANTIAL SAVING IF YOU BUY READY-TO-WEAR APPAREL AT THIS SALE.

Woman's White Lawn Shirt Waists—the fronts trimmed with small tucks and embroidery medallions; excellent $1.50 styles at 98c

A special lot of high grade White Swiss Waists—entire waist of fine tucks with insertion trimming. These pretty waists button in the back. Reg. price $3 and $4..... $1.98

A table filled with White Muslin Underskirts. Some of these garments are trimmed with several rows of new patterns of lace and others have 12 in. flounces. $1.50 values at 98c

Another lot of Muslin Underskirts. Some trimmed with embroidery, others have 10 in. flounces with 14 rows of tucking. Splendid $1.00 values at..... 69c

A special lot of Corset Covers made of good quality muslin—some trimmed with lace, others trimmed with embroidery—very good 25c values at..... 17c

This sale includes all yard goods—Embroidered, dotted and plain Swisses Shrunk Cotton, Poplins, Madras, Organdies and Lawns.

Dangers of Defective Plumbing

Defective plumbing permits the entrance into the house of sewer gas bearing germs of contagious diseases to which the human system readily succumbs.

Is Your Plumbing System Defective?

Sewer gas is not necessarily generated in the sewer, but is frequently created in the plumbing system within the house and enters the apartments through defective fixtures.

The most dangerous sewer gases are often inodorous and therefore not discovered until ill-health renders necessary an examination of conditions, but often too late to repair the damage done.

If you are in doubt, consult us regarding the piping, also the replacing of defective fixtures with "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware, which is acknowledged the best sanitary equipment in the world.

H. H. REDFIELD.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 8, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Kane vs. Smethport at Kane Saturday.

—F. G. Comes state some seasonable goods in their ad to-day.

—The Lindholm Co. have a new ad in to-day's issue. Interest to summer shoppers.

—Jimmy Santelle and Welch Bros. comedy will exhibit in Bradford on Saturday and Olean, June 20.

—Look for the new ad for the Miller Co., Olean, which appears in to-day's issue.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett is going to have a supply of souvenir postal cards of Smethport as soon as she can have them made.

—Andrew Ness purchased on Tuesday the Pierce House property on Water street of Otis Irons. The consideration is $1,100.

—Judge Bouton is suffering from ivy poisoning in his right arm. It is in no way serious but causes the Judge some inconvenience.

—Nine automobiles are now owned by Olean parties. Within a few weeks there will be at least that number owned by residents of Smethport.

—After being postponed several times on account of the weather the junior choir of St. Luke's church held a picnic at the parish house Tuesday.

—F. G. Lindholm has sold his elegant dwelling house on West Main street to Hon. T. F. Richmond. The consideration is said to have been $3,000.

—According to a Pittsburg dispatch several of the hand window glass factories will make glass all summer in order to compete with the machine.

—The cooked food sale and lawn fete held by St. Elizabeth's Auxiliary last Saturday afternoon and evening were well patronized and a success in every way.

—On Monday A. B. Armstrong sold his entire holdings of stock in the Smethport Water Company, the Smethport Gas Company and the Hamlin Bank and Trust Company to James A. and Charles McKean. The transaction involved about $25,000.

—Fish and Game Warden Farley has been instructed to arrest all persons caught fishing on Sunday. Persons fishing on Sunday are liable to a fine of $25 and costs.

—On June 11 the Pennsylvania railroad will put on a train service between New York and Chicago which will cover the distance in 18 hours. This clips an hour from the New York Central's time between these cities.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (Whitsun-Day) the services will be at 8:00, 10:00 and 10:30 a. m., and at 8:00 p. m. There will be an address to the children on the meaning of Whitsun-Day at the evening service.

—Sunday, June 18, will be Children's Day at the M. E. church. Exercises by the Sunday school in the evening and sermon appropriate to the day in the morning. Also baptism of infants. The juvenile choirs will assist in the morning.

—Little Ruth Voorhies, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Voorhies of Olean, made a great hit with her various songs and dances on amateur night with the Morgan Hewett Stock Company who are very anxious to engage her this fall to travel with them.

—The movement to construct an electric road between Bradford and Eldred appears to be taking practical form and it looks already like an assured success. The proposed road would be of great benefit to Bradford, as well as the district through which it is to run.

—The Dilger-Cornell company attracted a fair-sized audience to the Lyceum Thursday night. The play, "A Woman's Sacrifice," was satisfactorily rendered and some of the specialties were pleasing. The musical act by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holmes was especially good. The company contemplates playing an engagement in Smethport in the early autumn. Several members of this company are quite well known in town.

—William King, one of the hardiest old men in Western New York, is helping Farmer Healy plant potatoes on the latter's farm at Kirkwood, near Mt. Morris this week, and clearing away the brush along the roadside and working in the woods with the vigor of a strippling, says the Rushford Spectator. Although this spry old man has reached the age of 95 he is sound as a dollar, does a good day's work, eats and sleeps like a ten-year-old boy and apparently has a good chance of over-lapping the century.

—Our attention has been called to a startling "war cry" which President Roosevelt is presumed to hear. It comes from Dr. Freda Laukton of Omaha, who echoes a sentiment said to have been given voice by Dr. Anna Shaw. It is a slogan of "No ballots, no babies." That's women's suffrage with a penalty for not granting it.—Kane Leader.

—A panic was narrowly averted at Pawnee Bill's show in Bradford Monday night when a terrific rain and wind storm cut short the performance. The audience made a rush for the exits and in the ensuing crush a woman fainted and several people were slightly bruised. The side walls of the tent were quickly removed and cool-headed people quieted the crowd.

—Members of the B. R. T., who are employed on the P., S. & N. railroad are making extensive preparations for a grand ball, which will be held in the Lyceum at Smethport, Friday evening, June 23. It is understood that St. Elizabeth's Auxiliary will look after the refreshment part of the program. It is also stated that 200 people are expected from St. Marys and large delegations from other towns.

—Wilson McCord, aged 54 years, died at the home of his father, near Farmers Valley, Wednesday of last week. The funeral services and interment took place at Farmers Valley Friday afternoon. Mr. McCord was well known in Smethport and the news of his death was a sad shock to many people. His death was the result of a strain of the muscles near his heart, which he sustained about four weeks ago.

—"Faust," as presented by Hubert Labadie and company at the Lyceum Tuesday night was satisfactory to the majority of the audience. Mr. Labadie makes a "good devil," as Mary MacLane would say. The characters of "Faust," and "Marguerite," were skillfully portrayed. Personally, there is nothing "devilish" about Mr. Labadie. He is a genial gentleman and a brother of the well known Frances Labadie, who has played in Smethport a number of times, and is now a resident of Philadelphia.

—With the aid of the fire department and other citizens of Shingle House the Olean Street Railway Co. succeeded Thursday in its endeavors to cross the W. N. Y. & P. tracks in that town. The railroad company sent a locomotive to the scene which was stopped on the crossing. The fire department turned a stream of water on the crew and the men were driven from the engine, which was afterward drawn from the crossing by a team of horses and a crowd of men. During the excitement stones and coal were thrown and several people slightly injured. Later in the day a long freight was stopped on the crossing but it was too late as the work had been finished and a car had crossed the railroad tracks.

—Louis Hoffman, aged 31 years, a switchman in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad, is under arrest at Olean, charged with grand larceny. The complainant in the case is William H. Perry, a trainman on the P. S. & N. Perry was picked up Monday night at Union and Hamilton streets, Olean, in an intoxicated condition. He was locked up and arraigned in police court Tuesday morning, at that time giving evidence of having been under the influence of some drug. An investigation into the case revealed the fact that his watch was missing and that there was very little left of $38 which he had in his possession the night before. The watch was found on Hoffman's person.—Bradford Star.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a regular meeting of Valley Grange, No. 1190, P. of H., the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our beloved brother, Wilson H. McCord and

Whereas, by his death our community has suffered a great and almost irreparable loss. Therefore be it

Resolved, by Valley Grange, No. 1190, P. of H., that we place in memory's golden casket the manly qualities, kindly deeds, generous impulses and charitable acts, which were so strikingly reflected by the life of our brother.

Resolved, that we tender to the bereaved family, and trust that they may find solace in the knowledge that the great Master above has promised to care for them and that he can and will sustain them in this sad hour of affliction.

Resolved, that the resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our order and that our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, to the Grange Bulletin and to the local papers.

Committee { JAMES BRAY, ELMER ROEDER, MRS. J. C. STILL.

33 to Pacific Coast.

Tickets will be on sale from Chicago, via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line, during the autumn months at this low rate. Correspondingly low rates from other points. Daily and personally conducted excursions in Pullman Tourist sleeping cars, through without change to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland, only $7.00 for double berth. Full particulars on application to W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago.

For Sale.

1904 Rambler touring car, taken in exchange for 1905 model. First class condition. Price right.

RALPH E. BURDICK.

For a nice, quiet and delightful recreation try one of our lawn swings or hammocks. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Home grown tomato plants for sale by F. C. Lyman, Smethport, Pa.

Try one of our Lightning Ice Clippers. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Personal Mention.

Wm. Brooder of Sartwell was attending court this week.

Mrs. Louise T. Parsons of Kane was a visitor in town Monday.

"Ike" Simons was over from Bradford yesterday on business.

Miss Roxy Provin of Bolivar, N. Y., is visiting relatives in town.

R. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

Mrs. E. W. Workley and children are visiting her parents in York, N. Y.

A. M. Boardman was greeting his many friends in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Alice Leipziger of Boston, Mass., is the guest of her brother, S. D. Weaver.

Mrs. V. J. Coleman and son, Lawrence, are visiting relatives and friends in town.

G. Larson of Mt. Jewett had business in town Monday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Todd and son, Charles, of Port Allegany were Smethport visitors Sunday.

F. S. Lewis, Esq., and Payson Bard of Port Allegany were pleasant callers at this office Monday.

Emmet Greeley of Crosby is serving as a juror this week and incidentally greeting friends in town.

Mrs. D. E. Oak, Mrs. S. H. Davis and daughter of New York City are the guests of Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup.

Mrs. Scott Morrison and children left Wednesday morning for a visit with relatives in Hornellsville and Corning.

Attorney John E. Mullin of Kane is in attendance at court this week and finds time to greet his many Smethport friends.

Mrs. W. H. Knight left this morning with her brother, Geo. Foreman, for Cleveland, Ohio, where they will visit their old home. Mr. Foreman will go on to Oconto, Wis., to visit relatives, thence to his home in Cisco, Texas.

A. J. Axburgh of Clermont was transacting business in town Tuesday and made this office a pleasant call. Mr. Axburgh said the result of Monday night's storm was noticeable along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad where trees and other refuse had been strewn.

On Saturday next Mrs. Sheridan Gorton departs for a visit with her son, Sheridan, Jr., of New York City; E. Rex Gorton returns to his duties as a sergeant of marines at Norfolk, Va.; Miss Rita Gorton goes to Buffalo to visit relatives, and Attorney Sheridan Gorton and son, MacArthur, leave for Cuba, N. Y., on the same mission.

J. L. Morris of Custer City was a pleasant caller at this office Monday morning. Mr. Morris has occupied the position of tax collector of Bradford township for 21 consecutive years and figures that during this long term of office he has walked a distance greater than twice the circumference of the earth. Bradford township is a large one and as Mr. Morris has also acted as assessor considerable walking is necessary.

Bitten By a Mad Cat.

John Ward had an exciting experience in T. A. Cuthbert's barn Monday morning. While at work there he was attacked by a mad cat. The animal sank its teeth into his left leg, going through overalls, corduroy pants, underclothing and woolen stockings.

Mr. Ward kicked pretty hard and broke loose from the animal. It ran into the loft where it sank its teeth into a board and refused to be dislodged. Finally it was knocked from its place and Mr. Cuthbert finished its nine lives with a baseball bat.

Mr. Ward immediately sought medical attendance and the wound was cauterized. He was somewhat worried but says he feels better since he has heard that wool minimizes the danger when a mad animal bites through it.—Ridgway Democrat.

Through Scenic Colorado

to Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles via the Missouri Pacific Railway. Tickets on sale during the summer months at very low rates. Through Standard Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Car Service from St. Louis to the Pacific Coast. For rates and information address Jno. R. James, Central Passenger Agent, 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Horses for Sale.

At Palmer's Livery Stable. I have 2 serviceable horses, slightly out of repair, for sale cheap. Also, 2 good, sound 1000 pound horses suitable for any business for sale at reasonable prices.

A. T. PALMER.

Smethport, Pa., May 25, 1905.

For Sale.

Surrey in good condition; also light delivery wagon. E. W. Workley, Pennsylvania R. R. station, East Smethport.

F. J. Vickery's livery, back of D. C. Young's store, has new horses and carriages, is open day and night and has Bell 'phone. Prompt attention given to all business. Prices reasonable.

WANTED—At once, one, two or four cylinder gasoline car that will run. Give price. Address A. J. K. care of this office.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

Remember we sharpen and repair lawn mowers. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Watches and Diamonds

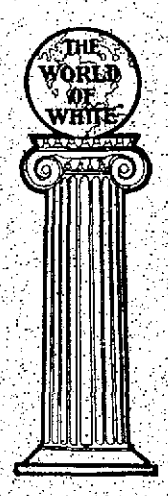
at the lowest prices at Prill's.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

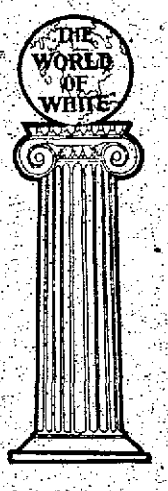
MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 to $2.00.

FRY & COMES.

The World of White



OUR GREAT JUNE UNDERMUSLIN EVENT.



Snowy mounds of white goods and undermuslins, new, fresh, dainty and stylish. Every garment is made of fine snowy muslin and nainsooks—carefully and perfectly.

The assemblage of white goods is entirely of the best brands—bought at the best possible advantage—and is of the largest and most desirable we ever offered—no store ever offered greater values, nor to our knowledge as good.

The manufacturers of our lingerie are recognized all over the land as foremost in their craft. One distinguished feature—a charming one—the exclusiveness and distinctive beauty of the laces and embroideries they use.

When passing our store just glance at our window—you'll find it inviting. No fairer collection of white fabrics was ever displayed in this section.

Remember—best of all are the prices—so low—you know its our June Sale.

We have priced them 1-5 less than we usually sell goods of so high a quality for.

GOWNS and SKIRTS.		CORSET COVERS.	
Fifty cent grade	40c	Twenty-five cent grades	20c
Seventy-five cent grade	60c	Fifty cent grades	40c
Dollar grades	80c	Seventy-five cent grades	60c
Dollar twenty-five grade	1.00	Dollar grades	80c
Dollar fifty grade	1.20	Dollar twenty-five grades	1.00
Two dollar grade	1.60	Dollar fifty grades	1.20
Three dollar grade	2.40	Two Dollar grades	1.60

SPECIAL OFFER ON EMBROIDERY AND LACES.

This week Thursday, Friday and Saturday, we will in connection with our muslin underwear sale reduce the prices on the Allover Lace and Embroidery edges and insertions ¼ from usual prices.

FRY & COMES

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

REFRIGERATORS.

Made of the best quality Hardwood, with eight complete walls carefully lined with zinc, patent flues and waste pipe that can be removed with ease and also has adjustable shelves are easy to clean and of convenient sizes, having one or two doors in front, just according to your wishes also with hinged top.

Our Prices are right. Call and See

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

Graduation Presents and Wedding Gifts

will be our specialty for the next two months. Several large weddings in Bradford and we will have the largest and finest stock ever shown.

SPECIAL PRICES ON DIAMONDS FOR JUNE.

SPECIAL PRICES ON WATCHES FOR JUNE.

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

Knight of the Middle Ages

By TROY ALLISON.

....Copyright, 1905, by Troy Allison....

"Don't you think we are going rather fast?" Her eyes were opened to their utmost limit, and she kept a furtive grip on the seat.

Crawford guided the automobile over the last cobblestone street that led to the country road.

"Just poking," he said, staccato.

"But this is my first trip in one. My country blood is feeling congealed," she gasped as the machine leaped from the last layers of cobblestones and went whizzing along the dirt road.

He put on more speed, and they rushed on madly, Crawford gazing intently before him.

She remembered stories of people who had suddenly been struck with insanity, and little cold chills crept up and down her spine.

"Aren't we running away?" she quavered.

"That's exactly what we're doing," he said calmly, "by fact, we're eloping."

"Of all things!" Her exclamation now expressed the settled conviction that he was a victim of insanity.

"It's this way, Elizabeth," he explained with the calmness she thought that precedes an insane outburst; "you have refused me twelve times and I have my own superstitions about trying it the thirteenth."

She looked at him somewhat hopefully. At least his memory was not entirely gone.

"I heard you last week at the Ilchesters' dinner party," he continued, saying that you liked the strength of purpose of the men of the middle ages; that men of today were apathetic creatures without a proper supply of backbone. You went so far as to say you would prefer being kidnapped by a man of that type to being begged and teased and implored by the men of today. Now, my child"—he turned toward her, smiling brow—"you will have the goodness to behold your fairy godmother," patting his chest that she might be the still godmother, "I am giving you your wish. You are being abducted in the style of the middle ages."

"You're a pirate," she said conclusively.

"Oh, not quite so bad as that," exclaimed. "Of course I could not furnish the absolutely proper stage settings. You will observe that I had to omit the white palfrey. I didn't plan this in time to advertise for a white palfrey, and I thought I might not be able to handle you as tenderly, charging along upon one. I'll admit that the up-to-dateness of this machine introduces a false chronological note"—sorrowfully—"but won't you admit that you are more comfortable?"

"I hate you," she responded icily.

"That's no obstacle to a determined knight of the middle ages." He was exceedingly cheerful. "In fact, difficulty lends charm to an adventure."

"You'll take me home this very minute!" she commanded imperiously.

"Not so were the Sabine women obeyed." He was tragically firm.

"I'll get out and walk."

"You might if I slowed up the machine." He put on more speed deliberately. "But jumping out just at this stage of the game would be a somewhat dangerous feat."

She dropped into her seat resentfully. "I have heard of a proverb, Mr. John Crawford"—the sarcasm in her voice was intense—"that has probably never been entertained by your benighted mind. Possibly you have heard that there is a difficulty in getting a horse to drink, even after you have led him to water?"

"My dear girl, your positive and strenuous knight of the middle ages would have staked that horse right there until he got so thirsty he would have neighed for water."

She sat in silence for the next half hour.

"I'm almost frozen," she said pertinently. "Perhaps it's part of your plan that I get my fingers and nose frostbitten."

"It's too bad," politely, "but whenever you are ready to marry me we will head this machine for the nearest minister."

"Then we will wear this automobile to a frazzle. I hope you have a perpetual motion motive power and don't depend entirely upon gasoline."

Crawford gave her a startled glance from the corner of his eye, surprised that she knew the machine would not keep on indefinitely.

"Oh, that's all right," cheerfully.

She relapsed into her sulky silence, and for the next hour Crawford went steadily ahead, whistling occasionally to relieve the monotony.

He turned the machine into a lonely road branching off from the main road. They passed over a swampy spot that the automobile almost refused to take. He drove farther into the neglected wildness, and the automobile suddenly stopped with a snort.

"Suffering saints," he exclaimed disgustedly, hastily jumping out, "fifteen miles from anywhere or anybody and the power given out."

She didn't say a word, but reached down and appropriated all the robes, wrapping them around her snugly. He took out a cigar, lit it and tramped up and down meditatively.

"No use trying to fix it," he informed her dolefully. "It's a hopeless case."

The short winter afternoon was drawing to a close, and the gray of early twilight settled dismally over the gloomy pines.

"I'm hungry, too," she said, with the suspicion of a sob.

"If you would only consent to be Mrs. John Crawford tonight we would try to find a house somewhere where we could have a jolly supper and a fire."

"You'd make a nice lovable husband, wouldn't you?" she said in indignant scorn. "What woman would want to marry a brute capable of starving and freezing her to death?"

"My child, those are cultivated characteristics, cultivated merely to win your admiration and undying regard. My real disposition is so gentle as to make a lamb seem stern and unrelenting. But I couldn't afford to follow the dictates of my tender heart. You would say I was lacking in will power. I am ruling you with an iron rod. Oh, ladye fair, and you sit right there until you promise to marry me."

An hour later he wondered if she were asleep. The bundle of rugs had remained a silent heap while he tramped the road.

He took out his watch and struck a match.

"Eight o'clock," he said in surprise. "It's really not proper for you to stay here all night. I don't think Crawford is a particularly undesirable name to bear."

"I'll—I'll m-marry you," came in quavering tones from the bundle of rugs.

"At the very first opportunity?" he asked vaguely.

"Yes. Better get a disagreeable thing over with as soon as possible," dejectedly.

He jumped quickly into the automobile.

"Don't touch me," she said. "I hate you, hate you, hate you, and I'm going to make you as miserable as I possibly can."

He laughed happily. "I'll look out for my personal safety."

He put his hand on the lever, and the machine shot forward energetically. He drove forward a quarter of a mile and, turning suddenly, came in sight of a house brilliantly lighted.

"The minister lives there," he explained composedly. "I found him yesterday and told him to expect us any time until 10 o'clock. I have a license in my pocket," he added.

When they came out of the minister's study and Crawford helped her into the machine she sat rigid, giving him as much of the seat as she could possibly leave vacant.

"I forgot to bring any rice and old shoes, but perhaps they were not used in ye olden times. Nevertheless this is a lovely wedding journey, isn't it?" persuasively.

"Mr. Crawford," she said stiffly, "I would have you understand one thing right now. Uncle Tom bought an automobile three months ago and taught me how to run it. I could have left you, all alone to tramp that country road if I had wanted to." He heard a suppressed giggle.

"You unmitigated fraud!" he exclaimed, pulling her toward him joyfully. "By George, I'm glad it only takes one arm to run this eloping steed—I am e'en so—Gadzooks!"

Followed the Fashions.

The little daughter of a fashionable mother is accustomed to hear a great deal about the things that have "come in" or "gone out" of style. After a visit to Sunday school she attempted to repeat to her younger brother some of the miracles performed by our Lord. He was a most attentive listener, and when she had finished said:

"Do you believe that, sister?"

"Why, of course I believe it, Jacky. It is true."

"I didn't know things could really happen like that."

"Oh, they don't now," she replied in a superior tone, "All that sort of thing was years ago and has gone entirely out of style."

Upon one occasion she had visited several stores with her mother during the autumn millinery openings. As they were returning home they passed a market, with its wares displayed in the window.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "look quick! Turkeys are coming in style again. The windows are full of them."—New York Times.

One of His Liabilities.

During a recent financial panic a certain city magnate, like many others, found one night that his real estate was unsalable, his firm bankrupt and his money locked up in a suspended bank. In deepest despondency he walked slowly home and greeted the companion of his joys and sorrows.

"Mary," he said, "I'm ruined. So's the bank. So's the firm. I've lost my money and my house and everything—everything."

"No, no, John," cried the loving wife as she cast herself upon his breast, "not everything. You haven't lost me."

"That's so, Mary," replied the unfeeling brute; "that's so. I never supposed that any of the liabilities would disappear."—London Times.

How Disraeli Dissembled.

Here is a story of Disraeli, the authority quoted for it in the diary of Sir M. E. Grant Duff being Sir Thomas Sanderson:

A famous diplomatist once went to see Lord Beaconsfield, conversed with him and found him very agreeable. Soon after the waiter who had shown him up came and asked him for a present.

"But why?"

"Don't you remember?", was the answer. "I showed you up to Lord Beaconsfield."

"What of that?" said the other.

"Oh, sir, after you had gone he did swear at me uncommon for telling you he was at home."

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling, no baking; simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

MARCH OF THE MATCH

FROM THE TWO INCH PINE PLANK TO THE FINISHED PRODUCT.

The Way the Raw Material Is Handled by Machinery That Allows No Halt Until the Perfect Match Drops Into Its Allotted Box.

It is an interesting fact that one of the most useful—indeed, one of the most necessary—articles in the world is so cheap that no man hesitates to ask even a stranger for it or dreams of paying him except by the conventional "Thank you." That matches have come to occupy this position is due largely to American inventive skill.

The first friction matches were made and dipped by hand. They sold for about $3 a gross. Today all matches are made and most of them are dipped by machinery, and one can buy from fifty to seventy-five for a cent. Between these two extremes stretches a long line of complicated and interesting machines.

Inventors began very early to give their attention to devices for making the sticks or splints cheaply. One plan after another was tried until all finally gave way to the ribbon method. The machine for this process is a sort of lathe, in which is placed a cylinder of pine wood the length of seven matches. As this cylinder, previously soaked in hot water or steamed to make it soft and tough, is turned slowly the circumference encounters a blade which pares off a continuous shaving, the whole length of the cylinder and the thickness of a single match. This shaving as it peels away from the log again comes in contact with cutters which divide it into seven strips, each as wide as a match is long.

When the ribbons have been cut into manageable length—say seven or eight feet—and freed from knots and crooked grained portions a large number of them—from 120 to 140—are placed in a machine like an ordinary paper cutter. The mass is fed forward automatically, the width of a match at a time, and the descending cutter slices through the mass, making from 120 to 140 splints at a stroke.

The splints are now dried and sifted in partitioned sieves, the motion of which lays the matches parallel and prepares them for their places in frames, where they are dipped by hand. Some of these machines will turn out from 15,000,000 to 17,000,000 splints a day. Rapid and cheap as this method is, it has been superseded in America by another system in which the hand work is reduced to a minimum. The raw material in this case is two inch white pine plank. This is first sawed into blocks the length of a match and thoroughly dried. The blocks are clamped to the bed of a machine, and cutters groove out a set of splints from the surface, not, however, taking the whole surface, and converting it into splints at one impact, but cutting the matches out one-fourth of an inch apart.

The splints thus separated are seized in iron clamp plates, which form an endless chain. These carry the splints across a steam heated drum, which warms them nearly to the temperature of the melted paraffin into which they are next dipped. The heat prevents the paraffin from chilling and insures a proper saturation.

From the first order to march these companies of wooden soldiers have no permission to halt. They move on continuously and evenly from the paraffin bath to the rollers which carry the "heading mixture"—phosphorus, chlorate of potash and other substances—and as the companies pass by these rollers place a red or blue cap on the head of each individual. The line of match continues on through a room swept by a blast of cold, dry air, which hardens the newly deposited chemicals, until the matches can be safely handled.

Still the companies march until, just before they reach the starting point again, the individual units receive their final order to "fall out" from an automatic and uncompromising punch, which deposits them side by side in a box placed providentially in just the right place and at just the right time by another endless belt.

The cutters meanwhile have been eating away the ridges which were left between the places from which the first set of splints was cut, and so it goes until the whole block has been converted into slim little red or blue capped fellows, each one snappish and full of fire.—Edward Williston Frentz in Youth's Companion.

A Royal Interview.

In his "Tracks of a Rolling Stone" Henry F. Coke describes an interview he had as a boy with King William IV. of England and Queen Adelaide in the early part of the last century. He describes the two thrones and says: "William IV. sat on one, Queen Adelaide on the other. I cannot say whether we were marched past in turn or how I came there. But I remember the look of the king in his naval uniform—his white kerseymere breeches, pink silk stockings and buckled shoes. He took me between his knees and asked, 'Well, what are you going to be, my little man?' 'A sailor,' said I, with brazen simplicity. 'Going to avenge the death of Nelson eh? Fond of sugar plums?' 'Yes,' said I.

"Upon this the king fetched from the depths of his waistcoat pocket a capacious gold box and opened it with a tap, as though he were going to offer me a pinch of snuff. 'There's for you,' said he.

"I helped myself, unnerved by the situation, and, with my small fist clutching the bonbons, was passed on to Queen Adelaide. She gave me a kiss, and I scuttled back to my mother."

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

POOLE'S FAMOUS FEAT.

In Splitting Paper He Went One Better Than an English Expert.

Lyles Poole, a brother of William Poole, the librarian whose name is perpetuated in "Poole's Index," was known throughout the country for his rare skill in restoring and repairing old documents and reprints. He lived for thirty years in a house at the south end, Boston, with three congenial spirits, one a collector of Dickensana, the second of Napoleonana and the third a collector of first editions. Poole was a collector, too, of books, letters and programmes relating to the stage. He had a remarkable faculty for matching old paper and could put a corner or a patch on a letter or a playbill so nearly that it could be noticed only under a magnifying glass. Mr. Poole's famous feat of splitting a magazine page into four leaves or layers was brought about by an English lawyer, who showed Mr. Poole a page split in three leaves with the printing on it unmarred. The American said that he could do all that the Englishman had done, and more, and after some experiments produced a page of the Century Magazine split in four leaves. This was taken to London by a book collector, who had gone abroad to add to his library, and after the page had been the rounds of the clubs there it was sent to Paris and caused the Frenchman to wonder.—Portland Advertiser.

THE SUN AND MOON.

Quaint Folklore Stories Concerning These Luminaries.

The most touching of all folklore stories may be found in Charles F. Lummis' "Pueblo Folklore." It is one of the many myths of the moon and beautifully conceived. The sun is the All-father, the moon the All-mother, and both shine with equal light in the heavens. But the Trues, the superior divinities, find that man, the animals, the flowers, weary of a constant day. They agree to put out the All-father's, or sun's, eyes. The All-mother, the moon, offers herself as a sacrifice. "Blind me," she says, "and leave my husband's eyes". The Trues say, "It is good, woman."

They accept the sacrifice and take away one of the All-mother's eyes; hence the moon is less brilliant than the sun. The man-kinds rest at night and the flowers sleep.

In Mrs. Leiber Cohen's translation of Sacher Masoch's "Jewish Tales" there is a variant of the sun and moon story derived from the Talmud. Briefly told, the sun and moon are equally luminous. It is the moon who wants to be more brilliant than the sun. Deity is angered at her demands. Her light is lessened. "The moon grew pale. Then God pitied her and gave her the stars for companions."

THE OCEAN DERELICT.

It Is the Most Potent of All Dangers That Threaten Seafarers.

Of all the spectacles of the seas none is so tragic as the derelict, the errant of the trackless deep. Weird beyond description is the picture presented by some broken and battered hulk as she swings into view against the sky line, with the turgid green seas sweeping over her moss grown decks and a splintered fragment of mast pointing upward, as if in protest against her undoing. It is a sight also to arouse fear.

For the derelict is the most potent of all the dangers that threaten the seafarer. Silent, stealthy, invisible, it is the terror of the mariner. It is the arch hypocrite of the deep. Against it skill of seaman ship, vigilance in watching, avail not. Lights and whistles, beams and buoys proclaim the proximity of land, the throbbing of engines, the noises of shipboard life tell of an approaching vessel; icebergs and floes betray themselves by their ghostly radiance and surrounding frigidity of air, but the derelict gives no warning, makes no signal. The first sign of its existence is the crash, the sickening trimble and quaver of the ship suddenly wounded to death.—P. T. McGrath in McClure's.

Rose Cuttings.

Country Life advises taking cuttings of roses in the fall and says: They should be about eight inches long and covered with sand about a foot deep through the winter. In the spring set in rows in good garden soil, upright. Trim to six inches in setting out. They will take root and can then be transplanted into nursery beds. This is for outdoor culture. The cuttings should be taken just before frost arrives and from nearly matured wood.

Idleness.

It is an undoubted truth that the less one has to do the less one finds time to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates, one can do it when one will, and therefore one seldom does it at all, whereas those who have a great deal of business must buckle to it, and then they always find time enough to do it in.

A Judicial Reproof.

A justice once reproved a would be suicide thus: "Young man, you have been found guilty of attempting to drown yourself in the river. Only consider what your feelings would have been had you succeeded."—Green Bag.

A Bad Scrape.

"You seemed pretty familiar with that last chap," remarked the soap.

"Not at all," replied the Turkish towel. "I was merely trying to scrape an acquaintance."—Chicago News.

Defer not charities till death. He that does so is rather liberal of another man's substance than of his own.—Stretch.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secty of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bolton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Mason, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. Mehaffey, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Gamble, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Welch, Smethport.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditor—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; H. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKeun.
Council—W. A. Carrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKeon, A. A. Abler, F. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. O. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Klapp, R. G. Olmsted.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sherilda Gorton, secy.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—C. H. Freeman.
Auditors—L. C. Clo te, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ives.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

CHAS BUSH, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 317, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Old Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 185, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Church.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meet every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 28, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days . . . 10:10 a. m

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and principal O. & C. Hall's and points north.

Train 123, week days . . . 4:01 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:33 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:10 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:10 a. m., Baltimore 4:20 a. m., Washington 5:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:55 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:55 a. m., week days (10:58 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:39 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:21 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:53 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:25 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled parlor sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and Weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

4:20 p. m.—Train 35, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

Johnsonburg R. R.

Weekdays

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M	Lv	Ar P M
7:20	Ridgway	11 50
7:40	Johnsonburg	11:30
7:58	Glen Hazel	11:15
8:07	Straight	11:04
8:22	Instanter	10:59
8:30	Smith's Run	10:52
8:39	Woodvale	10:45
8:57	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 11:55 a. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequin Route daily except Sunday at 7:40 a. m., 12:00 m. m., and 6:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	11:30		6:45
Mt. Jewett	9:05	1:35	4:15
Kane	8:25	2:55	5:35
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:00		4:35
Kane	7:00	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:20	5:00
		a. m.	

Arriving at Smethport at 8:30 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen. Supt. R. S. BELLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

In effect June 15, 1905

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:40 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.); Kane (arr. 8:15 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:45 a. m.); Clermont (arr. 9:55 a. m.); Brockwayville (arr. 10:25 a. m.); Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.).

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.); Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.).

12:00 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 2:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 2:45 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:00 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:03 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:22 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:55 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:08 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 7:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

C UDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar.	Dp	A.M.	P.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.1
7.50	6.53	2.19	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.
7.40	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd Junc	7.37	2.42	9
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frink	8.12	3.17	10
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.05	
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.0	
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.1	
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.1	
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.2	
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.3	
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.3	
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.	
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.	

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Gen. Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single and double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler.

Smethport, Pa.

JIMMIE'S COOK

By EPES W. SARGENT

Copyright, 1905, by Epes W. Sargent

"Come in," said Jimmie Caswell, a little embarrassed. "You see, the place isn't kept up very well, but I haven't had any one to attend to things for a week."

"Help is hard to get," admitted Grace Gorham.

"But I'm very lucky," commented Jimmie, regarding the brown hair that peeped under the dainty hat. He always had liked brown.

"Now, about my place," said the girl briskly. "How much do you pay?"

"Four dollars a week," said Jimmie promptly. "I pay you a certain sum for expenses, and you find all material. It's better that way than having to come to me all the time for money."

"But isn't that very little, even for a beginner?" she asked.

"That's the regular price," assured Jimmie. "Four dollars a week and $10 for supplies."

"I never would use all that," she gasped. "I don't suppose you will need more than a couple of dollars a week."

"Oh, yes, you will," declared Jimmie. "The last girl couldn't get along with that, even. She used to touch me for more every Friday regularly. Never could imagine what she bought with it."

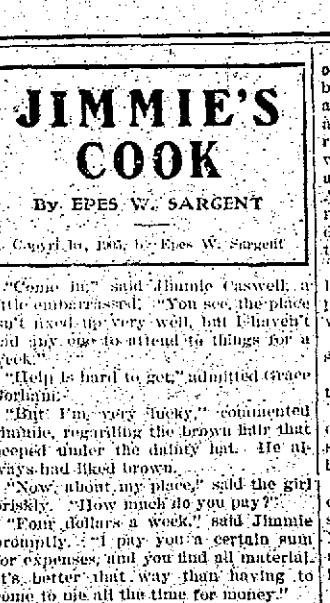
"She must have been very hard on ribbons," suggested Miss Gorham. "Some girls are. Even at that, she shouldn't use up $10 worth."

"What have the ribbons to do with the expense?" asked Jimmie curiously.

"She couldn't spend it for paper," explained Miss Gorham. "You could not possibly use more than a box a week. The ribbons are about all else she had to get."

"Oh, no," he interrupted. "She had to get bread and meat and things like that."

Miss Gorham rose, her face a bright



"AS COOK," INSISTED JIMMIE FIRMLY.

crimson. "I did not come here to be insulted," she said icily.

"You came to see about a place," he protested.

"As stenographer" she finished.

"As cook," insisted Jimmie firmly. "I distinctly told them to send up a cook."

"The hall boy said it was three flights up," she went on.

"What has the hall boy to do with it?" he asked curiously. "I never told him I wanted anybody."

For answer, she drew a clipping from her pocketbook. It was an advertisement for a stenographer and gave the house address, but no name.

Jimmie immediately became conscious of his dressing gown. It was all right to talk to cooks in dressing gowns, but a stenographer—and such a pretty one!

"I'm sorry," he said humbly, "but it's the fault of that blame boy. He meant Miss Cartwright across the hall. I believe she writes."

He showed her to the door, but, to his surprise she started down the stairs."

"Miss Cartwright is just across the hall on this landing," he called after her.

"I—I don't think I want the place," she cried, struggling to keep back the tears. "I don't want to work here." And she went her way conscious, even in her anger that she was rather sorry that Jimmie had not wanted a stenographer. Even in a dressing gown Jimmie was an attractive fellow.

As for Jimmie himself, he kept thinking about the pretty typewriter all the morning, and even the arrival of a well recommended cook brought no solace to his mind.

Even a telephone summons to dine with his favorite aunt did not give the pleasure it usually brought, even when that kindly lady admonished him to be prompt, as she had invited a particularly attractive young woman on his account. "Better get her to run the house for you," she laughed, just as she hung up her receiver, "you have such trouble with servants."

* * * * * * *

For a moment Jimmie did not recognize her in her filmy dinner dress. He was merely conscious of a vision of loveliness in something soft and green—or blue, it might have been blue. Then a cool, self possessed voice remarked that she had had the pleasure of meeting him before. Jimmie's daze became a stupor, from which only the announcement of dinner roused him, and he was half way to the dining room before he really realized that the vision of the morning was beside him and was saying something to him. Ashamed to acknowledge that he had not heard, he answered, "Yes" at random, and immediately became aware that he had said the wrong thing.

They were removing the fish plates before he had the courage to seek to penetrate the icy air of reserve in which she had wrapped herself.

"What was it you asked me when I said 'Yes?'" he asked desperately.

"Didn't you understand?" she countered, unbending a trifle.

"To be perfectly frank," he said honestly, "I never heard a word. I was so surprised to find you here that my head was in a whirl."

"My father has a theory that his daughter should be capable of her self support. I am to have the old home on Madison avenue if I can get and hold a position for three months. This morning was my first application."

"But what was it you asked?" he persisted.

"I asked you if you really thought I looked like a cook," she said, with a little laugh.

"And I said 'Yes,'" he cried contritely. "What a fool you must have taken me for."

"Then you admit your mistake?" she asked smilingly.

What Jimmie answered was not to the point and wholly unworthy of record. There are times when even a confirmed bachelor may grow suddenly foolish and through that inner Jimmie would have rivalled even a college lad making love to his first widow.

A more important conversation, and one more worthy of record, was held a few weeks later in the Gorham library.

"You see, I am at sea again on the servant question. The girl drank everything in the house that was bottled, even the cooking sherry."

"Why don't you go and live at a hotel?" she said. "Now that you have come into all that money through the sale of your western property you do not need to keep bachelor hall—on ten dollars a week for all material," she quoted.

"I've a better idea than that," he declared suddenly. "Give me—give me, I think I'll hire a boy."

"When will you pay him?" she demanded, her eyes twinkling at the memory of Jimmie's serious parley on bargaining.

"Love and affection and other valuable considerations, as the legal documents say," he answered promptly. "And as you were an applicant for a place, you shall have first choice—will you, dear?" He had dropped his banter and his voice had become dangerously tender.

"I think I'll have to," she answered shyly. Then with a sudden flash of humor, "If only because you look so forlorn when your rooms have been servantless for a week."

"The blessings of Cupid be upon the mistake," said Jimmie softly. "I think I'll give that hall boy $5, because I kicked him for making you uncomfortable that morning." Which was an eminently practical termination to a proposal by an oddity like Jimmie.

Supporting the Candidate.

As a specimen of what candidates for parliamentary honors in England have occasionally to put up with from their supporters the following little incident is worth recording:

Visiting a north country colliery during the men's dinner hour, a certain candidate was advised by his agent to ask "old Ben," a supporter who happened to work at the pit, to say a few words to his mates.

After some little persuasion the old man agreed to address his fellow workmen on the candidate's behalf, and this is what he said:

"Weel, mates, I ain't a-goin' ter tell ye as we've gotten a real straight, fair, honest candidate. You knows as well as I does as there ain't no sich thing as an honest politician breathin'. Howsumever, I've heard both candidates, and I've picked out wot I think is the best of a sorry pair! Ye'd better vote for him, chaps! This," indicating the by no means comfortable candidate—"this is 'im!"

That was all.

The Soft Answer.

Speaking of bad handwriting, a London bank cashier told this story of his encounter with a clergyman who came in a fury to complain that his written instructions had been ignored, says the London Chronicle. "Really, sir, your hieroglyphics completely baffle"—began the cashier. "Hieroglyphics!" shouted the clergyman. "Bless my heart!" (he was a cautious speaker). "I won't have my writing questioned. Send for my pass book. I'll close my account." Then from the cashier came the soft answer, "But between scholars the hieroglyphics should be a compliment." The clergyman reflected, laughed. "All right," he said, "I don't want that pass book." For he had remembered that "hieroglyphics" denotes simply the handwriting of priests—the scholarly caste.

Ancient Use of the Mace.

The ancient use of the mace introduces us to a remarkable instance of ecclesiastical casuistry. The clergy was forbidden to shed blood, and as thus the sword was inhibited this might have been thought sufficient to keep them from the battlefield. But not so. They adopted the mace. Though they could not cut a man's throat, yet might they break his head. So Bishop Otho, half brother of William, fought alongside of the conqueror at the bitter battle of Hastings with great effect, the brothers being, as you may say, "a pair of nutcrackers."—Notes and Queries.

HAVE READY CASH.

It Is the Greatest Moving Force In the Business World.

One of the greatest millionaires of our country lived before he made his millions on $8 a week and at a time when his income was $10,000 a year. He saved all the rest of his salary for judicious investments. He had been a poor boy, accustomed to a frugal mode of life. He began his career in the city sweeping out a store for $3.50 a week. Later he was advanced to $7.50. The mode of living which he was obliged to adopt as a boy he considered quite good enough for later years, especially when he saw that by denying himself for awhile longer he might make the experiences and hard knocks he had gained count for more than a mere living. He might have argued that he was doing pretty well to earn $10,000 a year and that he deserved to enjoy it. But he preferred to use his earnings to make more money that some day he might be able to dispense with a salaried position altogether. And this man had a wife, too, who was farsighted enough to be willing to live on a small sum when it meant an easier road for both by and by.

Ready cash is the greatest moving force in the business world. It speaks with the loudest voice, and its possession represents business acumen. Of course there are exceptions in cases of inheritance, etc., but the exception only proves the rule.

Cornelius Vanderbilt worked day and night, saving every penny, until he had $3,000, the nest egg about which gathered one of the largest fortunes ever amassed in America. The principle of thrift inculcated by those hard, self denying years made him a great financier.—New York Commercial.

GULLIBILITY OF SHEEP.

A Comical Study of the Extreme of Animal Stupidity.

The utter stupidity of sheep is perhaps nowhere more strongly evidenced than in the perfect satisfaction with which a ewe that has lost her lamb will take to a strange lamb around which has been fastened the skin of her dead offspring.

A lamb, clad in the skin of the dead baby of [illegible] thrown loosely over the back of the [illegible] sometimes has a [illegible] on one side of the face [illegible] the hand is roughly [illegible] and [illegible] the two [illegible] this [illegible] is going on. The ewe [illegible] manner [illegible] that [illegible] the [illegible] little stranger [illegible] own progeny, or else she would give it no attention whatever.

It appears [illegible] to count, nor even [illegible] sight [illegible] thing, which may be seen in any flock of ewes and lambs, for while the mothers certainly appear to know the bleating of their own children, the identification is always completed by the ewe sniffing the coat of her lamb.

I have been looking at two such quaint families in the lambing pens recently, and the picture of a sedate ewe placidly attending to two weird little creatures which look as if they have been half flayed (one of them was actually dragging its second skin in the straw) was the most comical study of animal stupidity which could be imagined.—London Express.

Beauty and the Beast.

"How do you do, Mrs. Youngs?" exclaimed a gentleman of that lady's acquaintance. "Pray, what brings you out so early in the day?"

"Oh, I've just been to the photographer with my pet pug Pongo" (which she carried in her arms), "and we have had our portraits taken together, haven't we, Pongo? Beauty and the beast, you know, Mr. Johnson," with a saucy little laugh.

"And what a little beauty he is, to be sure," replied Johnson, inadvertently as he tenderly stroked poor Pongo's cranium.

And then he suddenly remembered and became hot and cold in turn, and they parted strangers forevermore.

Scholarly Version.

On the campus of Emory college, in Oxford, Ga., there is a table to the memory of Ignatius Few, the first president. One day a freshman was crossing the campus with his cousin, who asked him to explain the inscription on the stone.

"'Vivit—non—mortuus—est,'" she read slowly. "What does that mean, Will?"

"That," said the freshman easily, "oh, that means, 'He lives—no, he don't, he's dead.'"

An Odd Epitaph.

The following epitaph is to be read on a tombstone at Saragossa, Spain: "Here lies John Quebecca, precentor to my lord the king. When he is admitted to the choir of angels, whose society he will embellish and where he will distinguish himself by his powers of song, God shall say to his angels, 'Cease, ye calves, and let Me hear John Quebecca, the precentor to my lord the king.'"

She Made Good.

"I don't see what sense there is in you women dressing so expensively."

"That's just the way papa used to talk."

"Talks that way yet, doesn't he?"

"No, indeed. When I caught you he admitted that there was method in my madness."—Houston Post.

Prophetic.

Pat—Did ye hear that old Hogan was dead, Mrs. Ryan? Mrs. R.—Is he, thin, poor man? Sure, I always knew that would be the end of him.

The more erroneous a fool's judgment the more firmly he holds it.—Baltasar Gracian.

Fishing

By KEITH GORDON

.....Copyright, 1905, by Keith Gordon.....

When the young man at last reluctantly tarried his bites about the long poles and stowed them away as best he might in the covered buggy that he had procured in the village the shadows were already long and pensive.

When he reached the village the hush of early twilight lay on the broad, decorous streets which were almost deserted. Their very quietness, however, was full of suggestive cheer. Pictures of broad, low rooms with bountifully spread supper tables, on which feathery biscuit, cold chicken and preserves made a tempting array, rose before his dreamy eyes; cheerful, natural faces loomed in the thick, red light of old fashioned lamps; the rag carpets, rocking chairs and secretaries—all the details of the rural household scene were vividly, pleasurably before him.

Behind him the long poles dipped with a rhythmical, monotonous motion as the horse jogged evenly along. At the crossing of two streets the slight, graceful figure of a girl paused for him to pass. In the shadowy light she seemed like a spirit—the spirit of the advancing night.

Thus sunk, lost, wrapped in revery, he drove on, the poles waving up and down behind him like long, hungry tentacles, exploring the evening air for something to catch and hold. A jolt and a rumble and the buggy rolled over the crossing with an energy that sent the poles flipping lower than ever, and then the tentacles hooked something—hooked it high, and after a brief resistance on the part of the hooked thing, which manifested a strong inclination to remain where it was—lifted it high in a triumphant and maliciously disappeared down the dusky street, leaving a paralyzed, shadowy shape staring after it with astonished eyes.

For a moment the girl stood speechless, bewildered. To have her hat suddenly plucked from her head as if by a hand direct from the sky in a sleepy little village of the new world—well, it was an experience that stopped her mental machinery with a jerk.

Had it been in Greece in the year something or other B. C., it would have been explicable as the deed of some goddess, jealous and angered at the beauty of her love of a hats. Jealous goddesses, she recalled, had done even more extraordinary things than snatching a mortal's hat.

Or had it been later, in mediæval times, she might have ascribed this hat lifting to black magic. But in the United States of America in the year of 1905 neither of these explanations could hold, and that was the reason she stood as if she had taken root while these thoughts shot rapidly through her mind.

Meanwhile her hat, dancing up and down in a tantalizing, diabolical fashion, as if to wave her a mocking farewell, was being borne, slowly but inexorably, into the gloaming. Before she recovered the power of speech and motion the buggy was halfway down the block. She made a step after it, then stopped. She had a sharp, humorous vision of herself, hatless and dishevelled, pursuing that dancing, mocking, bobbing will-o'-the-wisp of a hat through the village streets, making frantic, ineffectual jumps at it, as a dog at a bird's tail just beyond its reach, and the vision caused her to pause.

"There! Oh, I say, stop, won't you?" she called imploringly, but the quartered, drawing the buggy proceeded with a dexterity that reminded her of the juggler who keeps four balls in the air at the same time, while the fall of its hoofs came to her in a more and more distant cadence.

"Oh, man!" she called desperately, but the owner of the fishing rods was wandering in a dream world, sniffing the damp, earthy evening smells, communing with the approaching spirit of night, deaf to any but trumpet voices.

"Well!" she exclaimed explosively, with an energy that emptied her lungs to the remotest corners. "Well, I like that! I'd just like to know what I'm going to do?"

And in answer to the query the officious, obtrusive, subconscious self set her in motion, and she found herself heading toward her boarding place to the monotonous inward wail of, "And it's the only hat I have with me!"

Meanwhile the young man drove on mushingly, blissfully, until he reached the house where he was staying, all unconscious of his latest and most unusual catch. The light was streaming warmly from the windows as he drove past the side of the house up to the barn and jumped out.

At the sight of the dark object dimly visible at the end of his poles he stared in surprise. A moment later, when he had carried them into the patch of light from the nearest window, his hands dropped helplessly.

There it was, a trim, natty hat—a woman's hat, or, no, a girl's hat. Even to his groping masculine sense there was something coquettish, playful, alluring, about it. But there it was, held firmly as an ensnared fish by the two sharp hooks, surely the strangest object a fisherman ever caught.

"Where'd it come from?" demanded the boy who had come out to unharness the horse. Then, suddenly, as if the joke were just revealed to him, he burst into a loud guffaw, in which the young man joined in spite of himself.

Later on he worked it out. It must belong to the slender young girl who had waited for him to drive past. He remembered distinctly now that she had paused there at a certain crossing, waiting for him to get by, a sort of shadow girl who had seemed a part of his musings. Doubtless she had passed close behind the buggy and the bobbing poles with the dangling hooks had paralleled the tragedy of Absalom. But how should he find her and restore her lost headgear?

The same problem was tormenting the brain of the owner of the hat, and as a result the postmistress received two notices within the next hour with the request that she put them up in the postoffice.

"If the person whose carelessness"—the word "carelessness" was underscored—"led to the unlawful anguish-flop of a hat last evening will leave same with the postmistress the owner will feel in some measure placated." read the first one. And the second was like this: "If the owner of a hat that mysteriously disappeared on Tuesday evening will leave her name and address with the postmistress it will be returned immediately."

Before noon of the following day the young man, now thoroughly alert and no longer the dreamy, heedless fellow of the night before, might have been seen wending his way along one of the broad, shaded streets of the village, gingerly carrying a parcel wrapped in tissue paper. His anxious scrutiny of the houses showed that he sought some unfamiliar place, but at last, after a final vacillating moment, he opened a gate and went in.

In the comfortable, old fashioned parlor he waited for the owner of the hat; waited—though he did not know that until later—for the appearance of the lady of his life. It was not that she was wondrously fair or in any way distinguished, as the heroines of the story books always are. He never just found out why it was, but from the moment that the slender, girlish figure appeared in the doorway and turned quizzical eyes upon him his heart beat to a new, strong theme.

"But didn't you hear me call?" she asked when they had laughed, explained and apologized, he for quarantining the hat and she for the unreasonable word in her notice, "Hello! Are you there, hello, hello, hello!"

The shock was a bit severe, for even so soon it seemed impossible that with her voice fall so short of what it had been. Then the talk turned to other things, and with a touch of a shock he discovered that in town they lived in the same square.

"And to think that I have never seen you!" he exclaimed with slow wonder, as if the thing were scarcely credible, and thereupon the girl laughed, for she had seen him again and again, always with a warm approval of his swinging gait and a certain air that said that he could look out for himself and somebody else beside. Once she remembered, she had wondered who the somebody would be.

"Probably it's because you never fished for me before," she ventured mischievously, and then she caught her lip between her teeth and wished she hadn't spoken, for his face became very earnest, and there was a conquering ring in his voice as he answered slowly but determinedly:

"Perhaps so. But from now on I am going to fish for years if need be—fish until you yield from sheer weariness of seeing me sitting motionless on the bank—until I can win you for my own."

And he kept his word so well that now they not only live in the same square, but in the same house.

The Extreme Limit.

"My dear Mr. Taylor," said Mr. Perkins as they met on the street, "you and I have lived neighbors for five years."

"Yes."

"During that time I have kept a parrot, a goat, a dog and two cats."

"You have."

"My children have broken your windows, my goat has chewed up your Monday washing, and my dogs and cats have disturbed your sleep o' nights."

"Yes, that is true."

"We have emptied our ashes over into your yard, borrowed your hoe and rake, broken down your alley fence and tried in various other ways to be neighborly."

"Heaven knows you have!"

"And now, my dear sir, to show us that you appreciate the situation of affairs and have no ill feeling in the matter, I want to ask a favor of you."

"Go ahead."

"I have four daughters, as you know, and all of them are now ready to take piano lessons. Will you kindly and as a neighbor come down to Green's with me and help me to select a good tonal instrument and guarantee my financial ability to pay him $10 a month on the installment plan?"

He Didn't Want the Coat.

The truth of this story is vouched for by the victim.

"Where is that old blue coat I wore last summer?" he asked his wife. She was not quick to offer an explanation.

"It was here only yesterday," remarked the husband. "I know it was."

"Yes," said the wife, with a touch of anger, "I know it was. I just got sick and tired of seeing that coat and a lot of other old stuff lying around cluttering things up, and I sold it this morning."

"You sold it? Sold the coat—the old blue coat?"

"Yes, I sold it. And I don't want you to go moping about it."

"Dear, I didn't want the coat, but tomorrow is your birthday, and I had hidden a ring and a nice bank note in the inside pocket. I wanted to surprise you, and I couldn't think of a better hiding place."

The victim says that what happened after that is nobody's business.—London Mail.

A COSTLY BREAKFAST.

When Eggs Were Worth Their Weight In Gold In San Francisco.

Hens' eggs were worth their weight in gold writes Thomas K. Fitch in one of his stories of the very early days in San Francisco. A couple of young men who had recently landed from Tennessee dropped into Armer's for breakfast one morning. Not being aware of the rarity and consequent price of eggs in California and having five dollars still left with which to pay for breakfast for two, they calmly ordered their usual breakfast of eggs and toast. When the bill was presented the young gentlemen saw, to their consternation, that the amount was $10. They had only $5. What was to be done?

After a consultation together it was decided that one of them should remain while the other went out to look for Colonel Gift, an old time friend whom they knew to be in the city. The colonel was soon found, who, after hearing the story of his young friend and asking who was with him, inquired what they had had for breakfast. "Eggs," was the reply.

"Eggs! Eggs!" exclaimed the colonel. "Did you not know, you blankety blank fool, that hens lay gold in California?" "I did not, but I do," said our young friend. "Well," continued the colonel kindly, handing over a fifty dollar gold slug, "take this and remember after this that you are not in Tennessee, where eggs are given away."

THE GAME OF GOLF.

A Pastime of Kings, With a Record of Over Four Hundred Years.

A game with a history of more than 400 years must necessarily have some interesting records. Golf has been greatly liked by kings. In the time of James I. it was generally practiced by all classes. The unfortunate Charles I. was devoted to golf. While on a visit in Scotland in 1641, as he was deeply engaged in a game news was brought him of the breaking out of a rebellion in Ireland, and the royal golfer threw down his club and retired in great agitation to Holyrood House. When he was imprisoned at Newcastle his keeper kindly permitted him to take exercise on the golfing links with his train. It is said that Mary, queen of Scots, was seen playing golf in the field beside Seaton a few days after the murder of her husband. In 1837 a magnificent gold medal was presented to St. Andrew's by William IV., to be played for annually. One of the earlier kings forbade the importation of golf balls from Holland because it took away the small quantity of gold and silver out of the kingdome of Scotland," and at one time "golfe and futeball and other unprofitable games" were forbidden in England because archery, so necessary to the defense of the nation, was being neglected in their favor.—Pearson's Weekly.

COWARD ADAM.

The Proneness of Man to Lay the Blame Upon Woman.

"Never kiss and tell" is, I believe, an "unwritten law of chivalry." This law, so I understand, Coward Adam does sometimes manage to obey, albeit reluctantly. Because he would like to tell—he would very much like to tell—it—if the story of the kiss did not involve himself in the telling! But at this juncture "the unwritten laws of chivalry" step in, and he is saved. And chivalry is the tree up which he climbs, chattering to himself the usual formula, "The woman whom (not) gavest to be with me," etc. Alas, poor woman! She has heard him saying this ever since she in an unselfish desire to share her food with him gave him the forbidden apple. No doubt she offered him its rosiest and ripest side! She always does—at first. Not afterward! As soon as he turns traitor and runs up a tree she takes to pelting him, metaphorically speaking, with cocoanuts. This is quite natural on her part. She had thought him a man—and when he suddenly changes into a monkey she doesn't understand it. To this cause may possibly be attributed some of the ructions which occasionally jar the harmonious estate of matrimony.—From Marie Corelli's "Free Opinions."

The Battle of a Week.

The battle of a week was the great conflict at Tours, in which Charles Martel overthrew the Saracens, A. D. 732. The members of the Saracen army are variously estimated at from 400,000 to 700,000, and the monkish historians say that 375,000 were killed on the field. It is suspected that these figures are a gross exaggeration, but it is certain that few battles of history have been either so bloody or so decisive.

Elephants in Uganda.

"Elephants in Uganda have a peculiar aspect that I have not noticed elsewhere," writes a traveler. "They cover their bodies, as a protection against flies, with the bright red volcanic dust contained in the soil. This gives them a remarkable appearance, as, instead of being a slaty gray, as in the Nile valley, their color, when thus covered with dust, resembles that of a chestnut horse."

An Idle Phrase.

There is one sentence in the English language that has an easy time, and there is no prospect of its ever being overworked. It is composed of these four words, "It was my fault."—Jewell City (Kan.) Republican.

His Conclusion.

Knicker—Jones has joined a debating club. Bocker—No? Whom did he marry?—Brooklyn Life.

He that despairs degrades the Deity.—Feltham.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer
$1.25 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W F SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cig...
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

The Atavism Of Pauline

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

Copyright, 1905, by Ina Wright Hanson

It was sunny where we sat at Sutro heights, between the white statues of "Prometheus" and "Femme au Serpent." At our left stretched a smooth red road.

"The road of love, and it leads to paradise," I remarked.

Pauline was silent. Her dreamy eyes gazed beyond the little waves lingering in foward shore out to the bank of fog which circled the waters, as if to shut us two, there in the sunshine, away from the whole world. My glance lingered on Pauline's rippling brown hair, on her straight little nose, on her mouth, and I gave one long sigh of content.

"Pauline," I said, "will you marry me?"

"No," she answered.

Her tone was caressing, but it held unconquerable firmness. The fog was coming closer in.

"Why?"

Pauline turned her gray eyes from the ocean to me.

"Something tion lacks," she quoted softly, "to sell what thou hast and give to the poor."

I stared blankly at her. Was this chit of luxury, this butterfly of fashion, turning preacher?

"I don't say it's original, Elbert. For generations back there's been every now and then some one of our family who has believed and practiced it. I suppose the mantel of these peculiar ancestors has fallen upon me, for it has been a life-principle with me."

"Maybe I'm dense, but I confess I don't see"—

"I have more money than I know what to do with so have you. It is absurd for us to marry and put all our money together. It isn't right. You must choose some poor girl and I a penniless man."

"Nonsense!"

"I really mean it."

I reasoned with her for an hour and at the end of the time I left her looking at the ocean, her eyes wet, but her chin determined. Her chauffeur looked at me beseechingly as I strode past her auto car, which had brought us both. I jammed my hat down viciously and started along the red road, but it no longer led to paradise. It was no "road o' love" and there was no paradise anywhere.

"And the young man went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions."

It's amazing what a good night's sleep will do for a man. Next morning I had an interview with my lawyer. It was tedious and somewhat embarrassing, as I had to explain some things I should have preferred to keep to myself. It was over at last and I sought Pauline.

I found her in the rose garden, writing rapidly. When she saw me she sprang up, scattering her papers on the grass. She smiled at me tearfully.

"I discovered that I couldn't live without you," I said, taking her into my arms. "I could have given away a dozen fortunes rather than lose you."

I felt her start.

"Given away, Elbert," she repeated. "You haven't given away"—

"Every cent," I cried gayly, leading her to a seat. "Just got the business finished. I'm your penniless man. Now when will you marry me?"

She stared at me, her eyes round and amazed. Then she laughed nervously.

"I have, too," she gasped.

"Have what, darling?" I queried.

"Given everything away. I was just writing to you to tell you that I cared more for you than for my wretched money; and it's all gone, gone, gone!"

"Never mind, little girl. We have each proved our love. Now we will start in and live as our grandparents did. I will buy a ranch"—

"My grandparents didn't, and you haven't any money, Elbert."

"Oh, that's so. Well, I will go and work for a rancher, then, and you can help the rancher's wife. You can make butter and feed the hens and—and fatten the pigs, can't you?"

She held up her little white hands, and I covered them with kisses. Then she put them, one on each side of my face, and looked steadily into my eyes.

"Elbert, I will try if the rancher's wife will have patience with me."

"To whom did you give your fortune?" I asked after a minute.

"To the church for an orphanage." Her lips were quivering again, so I said hastily,

"Well, sweetheart, go put on your plainest gown, as befits a poor man's bride, and we will go at once to the parsonage."

I laughed when she came back. Her "plainest gown" was simple and white, but probably cost as much as I could earn on the ranch in a year.

"The minister lent me the money for the license and has promised to wait till I get my first month's wages for that and his fee," I explained as we walked along.

Pauline's face flushed and she looked up piteously.

"Didn't you save out enough for the ring—my wedding ring?" she whispered.

"Made a clean sweep of everything," I answered cheerfully, "except my clothes. I didn't think my—er—beneficiary would care for those."

She gave a patient sigh.

"You will get me a ring as soon as you can, won't you, Elbert? I shan't feel married without a wedding ring."

"Sure, little girl," I answered huskily as we reached the parsonage.

When my wife and I emerged from the minister's gate I looked at her intently.

"I," I said, "probably we had bet[ter] for the country."

M[y] her hand with a charming [air] of dignity.

"Indeed, we shan't not. We will go home until such time as we choose to go. The church can wait till we are quite ready to depart."

That evening as we sat in the garden we were joined by Mr. Layton, Pauline's lawyer.

"May I inquire as to your plans for the future?" asked the lawyer.

"We are going to the country to work," Pauline began heroically.

"I see, Elbert did just what I did—gave his money away. He came here and told me, and I was writing to him. Wasn't it a funny coincidence?"

"Very," said the lawyer dryly.

My wife folded and unfolded her handkerchief. The lawyer gazed into space. Pauline sighed, and Mr. Layton cleared his throat.

"And you expect to enjoy drudgery instead of luxury, do you?" he asked, with the suspicion of a growl.

"It isn't a matter of liking," Pauline answered quietly. "Elbert did it because he cared a great deal for me; I did it because I loved Elbert and I thought it was right. Of course neither of us thought of the other's sacrificing. But it is done, and we are going to make the best of it."

"I see. Would it disappoint you too much if your property were still yours?"

Pauline gasped.

"I thought you'd be sorry, so I made up the message from the church. As the church doesn't know what she missed, she will be able to endure it."

Pauline gave a joyful cry. "Oh, Elbert, I needn't wait a month for my wedding ring!"

"My wife buy her own wedding ring?" I asked loudly, wishing the lawyer were in Mexico for a moment.

"No; I'll have my property made over to you, dear."

Mr. Layton turned to me. "May I inquire, sir, to whom you made over your property? Was yours given to charity also?"

"I didn't think so at the time I did it," I responded smilingly. "It was the game of Pauline Mowbray, spinster. I suppose her subsequent marriage"—

Pauline's face was close to mine. "You precious, cold, deceitful goose!" she said.

Old Geographical Division.

The range of the Blue Ridge mountains in Pennsylvania is divided by a river every twenty-seven miles, as follows: From the Susquehanna to the Swatara, 27 miles; from the Swatara to the Schuylkill, 27 miles; from the Schuylkill to the Lehigh, 27 miles; from the Lehigh to the Delaware, 27 miles. At the next 27 miles is a hollow of New Jersey in which nestles a lake known as Culver's pond.

Had Read About Him.

"Now, boys," said the Sunday school teacher, addressing the juvenile class; "can any of you tell me anything about Good Friday?"

"Yes, ma'am, I can," replied the boy at the foot of the class. "He was the fellow what done the housework for Robinson Crusoe."

Good Reason.

Miss Ascum—I've often wondered, Mr. Rymes, why you poets always speak of the moon as "silver." Mr. Rymes—Well—er—I suppose it's because of the quarters and halves.—Philadelphia Press.

Ike's News

Straw Hats are in . . . **25c to $5.00.**

Summer Underwear for thin purses . . . **76 varieties**

Suits, gorgeous, gray, grand, genteel, for every sort of man—for every sort of occasion. Prices square.

Boys' Suits. Bargain prices—left overs from last season. About half. Ask for them.

IKE SIMONS,

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

Report of the Condition

OF THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY OF SMETHPORT, NO. 100 MAIN STREET, OF McKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS May 22, 1905.

RESOURCES.

Cash on hand		$ 13292 40
Checks and other cash items		99 03
Due from Banks and Bankers		109718 16
Commercial and other paper purchased		230906 15
Time Loans upon Collateral		339405 42
Loans upon Bonds and Mortgages		191413 81
Investment securities owned, viz:		
Stock, Bonds, etc	6629 39	
Mortgages	7488 17	73731 56
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures		17442 99
Overdrafts		1148 65
		$987133 04

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		$200000 00
Surplus Fund		50000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid		26509 97
Deposits, subject to check	$319776 13	
Deposits, special	352786 91	666563 67
		$987133 04

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of McKean }

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of June, 1905.

(Signed) HALLIE A. WALKER, [Notarial Seal] Notary Public.

My commission expires January 18, 1907.

CORRECT—ATTEST:
(Signed) HENRY HAMLIN, ORIN J. HAMLIN, JOHN FORREST } Directors.

CALIFORNIA

Do you want to live where the climate is mild the year round—where labor is never oppressed by stress of weather, and where animal vitality is never lost by mere conflict with cold?

Do you want to live in a region where the resources are more varied than in any other equal area in the world, where the division of great ranches affords a fine opportunity to get a small farm that will assure you a competence?

Do you want to live where, with a minimum of labor, you can grow profitable crops of grapes and small fruit, oranges, lemons, olives, prunes and almonds, alfalfa and grain, where crops are sure, business is good and capital easily finds profitable investment?

Then go to California, where both health and opportunity await your coming.

The Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line

is the most direct route to the Pacific Coast, and there are two fast through trains daily via this line, over the famous double-track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River.

Special low round-trip rates are in effect via this line throughout the summer to various Pacific Coast points, and colonist low rate one-way tickets will be on sale during September and October, which give an unusual chance for settlers to make the trip at a minimum of expense.

Daily and personally conducted excursions are operated through to San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Portland without change, on which a double berth in a Pullman tourist sleeping car from Chicago costs only $7.00, via the

Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railways.

FILL IN THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TO-DAY.

W. B. KNISKERN,
P. T. M. C. & N.-W. Ry., Chicago, Ill.
Please mail free to my address, California booklets, maps and full particulars concerning rates and train service.

NW 44

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT

OILS FOR SALE

AT PALMER'S LIVERY.

I carry in stock the following oils and sell at bottom prices:

Harvester Oil.
Boston Coach Oil.
Cleveland Castor Coach Oil.
New York Carriage Grease.
Mica Axle Grease.
4 Brothers Axle Grease.
Extra Neatsfoot Harness Oil.
Diamond Black Harness Oil.

A. T. PALMER.

Smethport May 25, 1905.

AGENTS Anybody Can Do it AGENTS

We want good live representatives to take orders for "Penro or Pearl" Medallions. Entirely new. Sell at sight. Big money. Exclusive territory given. Agent's supplies. Novelties up-to-date. Write at once. **Universal Manufacturing Company, Pittsburg, Pa.**

Spring Offerings in Shoes

Our stock of Spring Footwear for ladies, men and children is complete and an inspection of our line will convince that we can satisfy. We keep on hand a large stock of the best makes to select from and we guarantee to please. Everything new and up-to-date in

OXFORDS.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

DENTISTRY.

Modern scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa

FOR SALE.

4 horses; 20 cows; 1 lumber wagon; 2 four wheel harrows, $10 each; 1 steam threshing machine; 1 three horse tread with wood saw; 1 milk separator; 1 60 gallon churn; 1 Babcock milk tester.

For particulars inquire at A. E. Heckett's farm, P. O. Smethport.

Erie Onion Sets

The finest grown. Beware of the Southern Ohio Sets. They will not mature in this climate.

BULK SEED PEAS & CORN all early varieties.

10 pound sacks of Buckwheat reduced to 25 cents.

A few left, come while they last.

DILL PICKLES
SWEET PICKLES
SOUR PICKLES

Chase & Sanborn COFFEE.

F. S. FLOUR

Steber & Co.'s Davis Cigars are the best. Buy a quarter's worth and enjoy a good, sweet smoke. Six for a quarter.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS 25 CTS

H. C. WELLS

THE LEADING PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT, - PA.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

C. [illegible] Woodcock,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa

Phillips & Burton,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa

[illegible] Mayo,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly

Byron D. Hamlin. John Forrest.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa
Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

[illegible] Mayo,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa
Office connected with long-distance telephone
E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Smethport, Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. E. Sherburne,
EXAMINER AND ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 137 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 304.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

H. L. Mayo,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

[illegible]
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours: 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Spencer, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night. Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Bennington,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 71 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 11:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.,
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

Hotels.

KANE CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
[illegible] newly refurnished and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First class livery connected. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL
Main street, Smethport, Pa.,
Bacon Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
126 Main Street, Smethport, Pa
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAKER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R

Just Received!
The Finest and most complet line of
Picture Mouldings
ever brought to Smethport Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.
"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer
Smethport, Pa

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists